

HOW GALLIPOLI WAS EVACUATED.

OUR OLDEST NAVAL HERO—A Personal Impression of Lieut.-Com. H. T. Gartside-Tipping

COUNTRY LIFE

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RITA MARTIN.

MISS PAMELA MAUDE.

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COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES:—20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

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The War Office notifies that from now onward all papers posted to any neutral European country will be stopped, except those sent by publishers and newsgagents who have obtained special permission from the War Office. Such permission has been granted to COUNTRY LIFE, and subscribers who send to friends in Denmark, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Greece, and Roumania should order copies to be despatched by the Publisher from 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

WAR AND NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

PHRASES used for the purpose of characterising a nation may at times be misleading, but not when they have been used by many generations who, it may be presumed, have sifted the chaff from the wheat. In the present war attributes which long have been credited to the different Allies have been accentuated. France has figured for long as La Belle France. In early times it was the chosen home of chivalry. The knights were esteemed the bravest, the most courteous and the proudest in Europe. The conflict now raging has in a sense taken France back to those earlier years and brought out what had become to some extent latent, namely, those splendid self-immolating qualities which at times retreated so far between the outward semblance of frivolity that their continued existence was doubtful. In its long history Europe has witnessed nothing finer than the manner in which Frenchmen of all classes, forgetting differences in rank and culture, forgetting even the shibboleths of party that two short years ago seemed the battle cries of internecine strife, have devoted themselves with a splendid concentration of purpose to what has become the prime, almost the only object

of their existence. Probably the historian of the future will write more eloquently of all this than is possible to-day. He will see in his imagination the France of midsummer, 1914, almost as unready and as unprepared as in 1870; he will understand the purgation and effort which made France lay aside everything superlative and bend to the gigantic task which she has set herself. She is once more La Belle France.

It is very difficult to explain the exact suitability of the phrase Holy Russia. The obvious comment of the cynic would be that there is a great deal in Russia that is unholy. Yet that is only a superficial view. There never was a country and probably never will be one without spot or flaw, and the phrase was never meant to convey anything of the kind. The real point about it is that in some of her previous wars the Russian peasant, who in a peculiar way is Russia, did not recognise that there was anything holy in the strife. Probably there never was a conflict between two nations the cause of which was so utterly uncomprehended by one of the parties as the Russo-Japanese. The mujik had no idea what he was fighting for. His enthusiasm and battle energy never were roused against the Japanese as against an implacable foe. The difference in regard to Germany and Austria is most signally marked. It is common knowledge now that Russia was most reluctant to enter into the contest. For one thing it came too soon after the war with Japan. Russia had much more to think about in the reordering of her affairs and the development of her resources, and that made the German aggression a something very deadly and to be resented. The very fact that the Czar addressed to the Kaiser a message almost pleading in its terms before war began and that this message was ruthlessly rejected made the right and wrong finally and completely apparent to the most ignorant Russian peasant. The German Emperor, whatever his object may have been, succeeded in rousing within the Russian mind that wild zeal which closely approaches fanaticism. No hardship, no reverse, neither wounds nor death have been able to quell it. We have seen within the last few weeks the Russians conducting an offensive the ferocity of which astounded their enemies. The Germans are now fighting against the zeal of holiness. They have made every Russian feel that nothing less than the desecration of hearth and home, the purity of their women and the lives of their children must be the issue of their defeat, and hence this desperate valour which is so closely united to religious feeling. Russia is Holy Russia now much more than she was before the beginning of hostilities.

Very different from these epithets is the phrase applied to England wherever England is loved. She was Merrie England five hundred years ago and more, and her sons and daughters have a serene confidence that she will be Merrie England again when this war is over. At first nothing surprised friends and enemies alike more than the gaiety of the English soldier. It could be extinguished neither by danger, privation, wounds nor death. But they did not know how deeply engrained in the very sinew of this country is the doctrine to which Shakespeare gave its happiest expression when he wrote:

A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

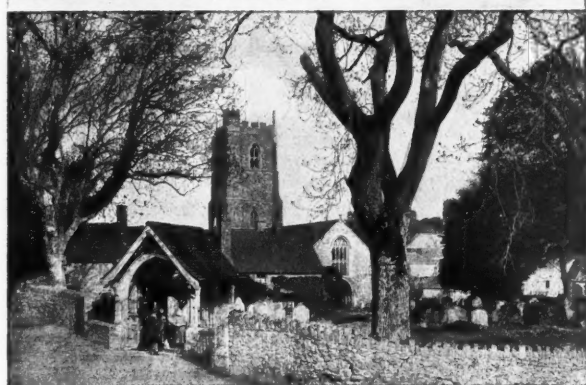
English merriness has never had the slightest connection with mere frivolity. The words will not go together. Frivolity often speaks of a basic weakness, while merriment sits upon the countenance of an Englishman like the glowing colour on a ripe apple, speaking of soundness and wholesomeness at the core. Our soldiers have earned above all others the reputation of being good fighters, and they fight well with laughing eye and jesting lip, but woe be to him who takes these symptoms as indications of weakness.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Miss Pamela Cynthia Maude, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude, whose engagement is announced to Captain William La Touche Congreve, eldest son of Lieutenant-General Congreve, V.C., and Mrs. Congreve of Chartley Castle, Staffordshire.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY NOTES



THIS week we have the satisfaction of publishing two interesting contributions on the war. They will be a source of pride to all who read them. Indeed, they are both historical documents. One is the relation by an eye-witness of the circumstances under which our troops were able to evacuate the Gallipoli Peninsula without loss of life. No operation of the war has been conducted more skilfully and successfully. Our contributor tells how careful and elaborate were the precautions made beforehand and how profound the secrecy. The enemy never seems to have dreamed that we had such an object in view. The operation was carried out with the precision of a peace manœuvre, and for its success the country has to be thankful to the Navy, which here, as so often during the war, has played a predominant part. It furnishes the one great advantage we possess over the enemy. Not the least interesting part of our contributor's communication is his description of the manner in which, under German tutelage, the Turks bored holes so that they might let down machine-guns into apertures of the cliffs to make our landing impossible. But the landing was effected, and will be remembered in history as a great feat of arms. The retreat has been even more skilfully achieved, and deserves to be bracketed with the landing.

NOW anyone who wishes to understand the inmost spirit of the Fleet, without whose co-operation these movements could not have taken place, should read the warm and heartfelt tribute paid by Miss Turner in another part of the paper to the late Lieutenant-Commander H. T. Gartside-Tipping. He is not to be envied who did not feel a pang of regret on reading the simple statement of the facts in Vice-Admiral Bacon's despatch. Lieutenant-Commander Gartside-Tipping was the oldest officer in the Navy, a man, indeed, of patriarchal years, and he lost his life at the bombardment of Zeebrugge. Such is the rude outline. Miss Turner, who came into contact with him when he was doing patrol work on the North Sea, fills in the picture with warm, bright colours. She has unconsciously painted at once a saint and a soldier. It stirs the heart only to think of those desolate bleak waters troubled by the icy winter winds, the little *Aries* tossing like some seabird on the crest of the waves and her ancient commander. A phrase used by Miss Turner enables us to see him almost as vividly as she could have done: "I watched the tall, spare figure disappear through the low doorway and down the long gallery, its frail aspect accentuated by the naval frock coat." But our greatest pride lies in the fact that the Service lays such a hold upon those who pursue it that the ardour and loyalty burns with as pure a flame in the mind of the patriarchal officer as it does in the youngest and keenest. Miss Turner's little sketch is in its own way a document of historical importance.

FOR some time past the voice of rumour has been very busy about the appointment of a successor to Lord Hardinge as Viceroy of India. We are glad that gossip on the matter is ended by the announcement that Lord Chelmsford will become Viceroy in March, when Lord Hardinge comes home. Some of our readers will remember Lord Chelmsford's father, a soldier who in times like these would have certainly won his way to high distinction. The present Earl is an able and versatile man of forty-seven, who, since the outbreak of war, has been serving in a Territorial battalion. His versatility is shown by the fact that at Oxford he became a Fellow of All Souls and he was captain of the University

Eleven. Since then he has been Governor of Queensland. Thus, although he has not sought to figure conspicuously in the public eye, he promises to fill the great position adequately and with distinction. He has real personal dignity without any of the pomp that sometimes takes its place, and wherever he has been he has shown himself possessed of sound common-sense and decision.

COUNT VON PAPEN, undeterred by the discovery last autumn of the papers that Mr. Archibald was trying to smuggle into Germany, carried under his personal safe conduct documents nearly as incriminating. They put the Government of Germany and her allies, as well as her emissaries, in a very dramatic light before the American public. The tone of the letters is that of men who, while trying to deceive a friendly neutral, were laughing at his simplicity in their sleeves. President Wilson's portentous seriousness is entirely lost upon nations who are conducting this war absolutely without regard to considerations of humanity, without scruples of any kind. Von Papen, it is proved now, paid considerable sums of money to those who played the part of Nihilists and dynamitards in America. One cheque was made out to Kupferle, the German spy who committed suicide in an English prison, and another to von Horne, the man convicted of attempting to blow up a railway bridge connecting the United States with British territory. But perhaps the most interesting of all the documents unearthed was von Bernhardt's letter. It is something to know that the great German military authority was looking forward last October to serious and difficult times on the German front. For the rest von Bernhardt takes us inside the factory at which is made German lies for the consumption and delusion of the American public.

FRATRES REMIGII.

'Twas in the days departed,
The sunny days now gone,
When youth the careless-hearted
Sat on his golden throne,
Yet not two years ago,
When we laid us down to row,
And stern in our mimic battle,
Heard the swish, the thud, and the rattle
Of the flashing oars as we made her go.

With the day of the Lord above us,
In the mist of the battle's breath,
Where age at a leap hath found us,
Familiar friends with death,
Where tides the redder flow
Athwart the grave below,
Swing we on, still marching together,
As we swung like one in the golden weather
Of our vanished youth, two years ago.

H. E. MALDEN.

DR. MERCIER, who is himself a man of the highest scientific attainments, has nevertheless been making a protest against the introduction of too much science into education. He would put before it a knowledge of our mother tongue. But it would be interesting to see his ideas tested by application to the art in which most of our readers are interested—that of agriculture. We want more science here, not as a fetish, but as a help. In Great Britain there are agriculturists who pursue their calling by rote. They do not understand the soil or its ingredients. Their ideas of plant food are vague in the extreme. Why a manure applied to one field should produce bountiful crops, and on another have no effect at all is a mystery to them. While the land of other countries has made a great advance in fertility, that of Great Britain has, speaking broadly, been at a standstill. It is needless to say that there are intelligent, skilled men engaged in cultivation and that this reproach does not apply to them, but it applies very strongly to the great majority. If at school the science of husbandry was reduced to simplicity and taught as it should be taught, that very teaching could be made instrumental in giving the pupil a mastery of his native tongue. Let the schoolmaster cause him to write about what he has taught and what he has done, and the exercise will strengthen his knowledge and develop his power of exact and clear impression.

IT would be a great help to economy if householders would try to realise that a sovereign at the present moment will not purchase as much as fourteen shillings would buy before the outbreak of war. From the annual review of

prices which is published in the official *Board of Trade Gazette*, we learn that the rise in food has been about 45 per cent. since the beginning of the war. It has been distributed very evenly over most of the eatables, but the rise in the price of fish has, as might be expected, been most exceptionally large. It is given as 119 per cent. in London and 75 per cent. in the little provincial towns and villages. Eggs run fish very closely, however, for first place. The rise in London has been 108 per cent., and in the small towns and villages 102 per cent. Potatoes hold the leading place at the other end of the column. The rise is nil in London, and there has actually been a slight decrease in price in the country. Beef has risen more than mutton, although the price of the Colonial variety has gone up about the same amount in both beef and mutton. Sugar has risen very considerably, 97 per cent. in town and 89 per cent. in the country. These are facts to which expenditure must be adjusted. Unfortunately, it is difficult to obtain a uniform movement towards plain and thrifty living, because a considerable number of people have been thriving on the war and they do not all belong to one class. Some kinds of labour are extraordinarily well paid, and middle class contractors have in many instances made fortunes. While this is so, there must be an inclination to spend on their part, while the ordinary citizen whose income has been injuriously affected by the war feels the pinch of higher prices most keenly.

IN our "Correspondence" columns Miss Maud Haviland, who is well known to our readers as a traveller, a bird photographer of rare skill, and an ornithologist who has written well and attractively on her favourite subject, makes a suggestion well worthy of consideration. It is that the supply of eggs obtained from poultry might this year be supplemented by those of various sea birds. Needless to say, Miss Haviland would be the last person to suggest the indiscriminate plunder of the nests of gulls, guillemots and puffins; but from personal experience we know that a certain quantity of eggs can be taken without inflicting the slightest injury on the species. The writer of this note as a child lived close by a well known gull pond to which *Larus ridibundus* resorted in immense crowds every year. What attracted the birds chiefly was no doubt the quantity of food to be picked up in spring. Following the ploughman as he turned up the soil for the early sowing was a black and white crowd, and the white of the gulls very often preponderated over the black of the rooks. The owner of this particular pond was proud of his feathered visitors and, indeed, was almost superstitious about a fancied association between their presence and the welfare of the house. He saved them from many annoyances, not always to the satisfaction of his shooting guests. We remember an old colonel who, walking round the pond in late winter, gave vocal signs of a mental conflict between loyalty to the wishes of his kinsman and the temptation to shoot the wild duck that, seeming conscious of their safety, swam quite close to him. "Damn you, I'll shoot you," he was frequently heard to mutter, though the kindly old soldier never actually let the gun go off.

EXPERIENCE showed, however, that to take the first eggs probably benefited the species instead of injuring them. They arrived at the pond very punctually between the 23rd and the 25th of March, and the nests were usually built early in April. At that time the pond was still bare of that aquatic vegetation which invaded it later on, and the early nests were fully exposed to view. But it is a time of year in which the small carnivora of the woods and plantations find it difficult to obtain food. Rabbits and other victims of their ferocity have been thinned out to the point of extinction, and as winter has made havoc of the cover which protected mice and so forth, there is little left for them to hunt. Accordingly, they direct their energies towards the eggs and later towards the earliest of the young birds. The effect of this can best be studied, perhaps, in the case of a wild duck, which nests in a ditch and usually brings forth a large brood. But these disappear one by one until at last the hen bird has perhaps only two, or even one, swift-running duckling at her feet. Besides the danger from rats, stoats and weasels, there is a very considerable chance of a late frost or a flood. If the water rose above the islands, the nests were, of course, submerged, and nothing seemed to discourage the gulls more than that accident.

IF, however, the first two clutches were taken and the birds left to bring out the third clutch, it usually had a happy and prosperous career. Now, under proper

regulation by the county councils or some other responsible authority, what was done in that particular pond could be done equally well at all the great breeding places, and, in that case, the supply of eggs would be of great assistance when they are so much needed, not only by the ordinary consumer but at the hospitals and by convalescent soldiers and sailors. The same argument would apply to the eggs of the plover. For some years there has been an outcry against their being taken, but, as a matter of fact, those first clutches laid on the bare ploughland stand very little chance of becoming strong and healthy birds. There is no cover, no hiding for the early comers and, in our climate, frost and snow are by no means uncommon in the last of the winter and the first of the spring months. We love the lapwing and would most seriously object to any wholesale taking of its eggs. It should have a strict close time, but when that has been regulated a supply might still be forthcoming from the earliest of the eggs.

WHEN Mr. John Bright was alive he was very near being a peace-at-any-price man; yet the very eloquence with which he touched on war in those mighty speeches he made when our forces were fighting in the Crimea could only have been produced by a man of real grit. It is pretty safe to say that if Mr. John Bright had been alive to-day, Friend or no Friend, he would have been neither among the last nor the faint-hearted, and we are delighted to know from a letter written by his son, Mr. Philip Bright, that all his male descendants of military age have joined the Colours. One, who was an architect prior to the war, is in the Sherwood Foresters; another, who was a director of John Bright and Brothers of Rochdale, is in the West Yorkshires—these are the sons of Professor Cash, who married a daughter of John Bright. Captain Roth, son of John Bright's daughter, Mrs. Bernard Roth, is in the R.A.M.C., and his uncle, who was in Sydney, has come to Europe with an ambulance of his own raising, at the age of sixty-three. A grandson of the great statesman is in the Kent Yeomanry, another is in the Transport Section, Army Service Corps, while his brother, aged sixteen, is in the Officers' Training Corps at Oundle School and assisting there in the making of munitions. A granddaughter, Dr. Hilda Clark, has been engaged in medical relief work among the French at Chalons with an organisation sent out by the Society of Friends—an organisation that as we have pointed out in these columns before, is performing most excellent service. This surely is a magnificent record for a Quaker family.

THE PILGRIMS' WAY.

Steeple winds the Pilgrims' road across the sunlit down,
(Clematis has turned to grey, bramble leaves to brown)
Highway of forgotten feet, road of long ago—
(Finches in the ragged weeds hover to and fro.)

Place of hallowed memories, vanished hope and pain—
(Thrushes in the coppice cry, spring will come again!)
King and peasant journeyed here, enemy and friend.
(Gloaming falls across the way, winding to the end.)

Have the hearts who yearned so long won their deep desire?
(At the turning of the road flames the sunset fire.)
Do you walk with us, unseen, folk of yesterday?
Hid within each human soul lies a Pilgrims' way!

KATHLEEN CLOSE.

WITH Lady Biddulph, who died at Ledbury a few days ago, have passed away many historic memories. It is greatly to be regretted that she did not in her later days publish a book of reminiscences; the early volume about her father was charming. Lady Biddulph came of an interesting family, being the eldest daughter of the fourth Earl of Hardwick, and her life was passed in extremely interesting circles. In 1860 she was married to Mr. Henry Adeane of Babraham, and after his death devoted herself largely to social and temperance work in East London and elsewhere. In 1877 she made a second marriage, this time with Mr., now Lord Biddulph of Ledbury. Lady Biddulph was a lifelong friend of Mary Duchess of Teck, mother of the present Queen, whom she had known since childhood; but her most fascinating conversation related to the Empress Eugénie. When the city was besieged in 1870, she just managed to get out of Paris in one of the last trains with despatches sewn into her dress, and after her return became intimate with the Emperor and Empress. There are few alive now who know so much about the Empress Eugénie, but a life passed in

influential circles had deepened Lady Biddulph's natural discretion, and as long as her old friend was alive she did not care to make public her memories. No one who met her

during these late years would have imagined she was born so long ago as 1834. She carried her four-score years lightly, and her conversation was full of life.

HOW GALLIPOLI WAS EVACUATED.

THE CLEVEREST OPERATION OF THE WAR.

ON December 21st, 1915, we woke up to read in our papers that Suvla Bay and Anzac had been evacuated. One and all who had been on the Peninsula heaved

a sigh of relief, for they knew well that without an enormous increase of forces and great loss of life the Dardanelles could not now be gained. Under these conditions, how much better that these exhausted troops should be withdrawn, and be used, after a well deserved rest, in new

areas. At home one marvelled that the withdrawal had been possible with only two casualties; but when on — 1916, the Allies withdrew from the Southern Sector with only one man wounded, the world wondered how it had been done.

Anyone who has not been in the Peninsula is apt to think of the conditions under which the evacuation was effected as much the same as the conditions under which the landing was made; but in reality they were totally different. What was required for a successful evacuation was a well laid scheme by our generals on shore, the co-operation of the Navy, and that the enemy should for a few hours be in ignorance of the movements of our troops. Our generals successfully carried out their part. The Navy, who had enabled us to land, enabled us to get off, and conditions to which the Turks had become accustomed by long usage masked the movements of our troops.

When the memorable landing was effected on April 25th, what were the conditions? British and French battleships had blown up forts at the entrance to the Dardanelles, landing

parties had destroyed the guns, heroic deeds of daring had been performed by submarines and mine sweepers. British and French cruisers had been sunk, while others had returned invalided to Malta. Yet the enemy still held the key to Constantinople. In the meantime the wily Turk, led by German

officers, made the best of the kindly warning of our intended landing. The Peninsula to the edge of the cliffs was honeycombed with trenches elaborately prepared, earthworks bristling with machine guns were thrown up to command all possible approaches, guns were placed in positions out of range of the low trajectory of our naval fire, tunnelling operations were undertaken so that maxims could be lowered from the trenches above to suddenly appear at an opening on the face of the cliff itself, whence they could sweep any beach. Four-ply barbed wire entanglements were erected inland, on the cliff, on the shore and under the water, and yet the landing was effected, though at a terrible cost. As soon as it was made good, guns, supplies and horses came ashore. The first illustration shows how all this work had to be done from lighters, and the second illustration shows the appearance of West Beach, or Lancashire landing, on April 27th. For a time generals, guns and jam, ammunition



LANDING ARTILLERY HORSES FROM LIGHTERS, APRIL 27TH, 1915.



LANCASHIRES LANDING ON WEST BEACH, APRIL 27TH, 1915.

aeroplanes and ambulance wagons, horses, mules and men jostled each other for a footing on a mere handful of land, while the Turk was held back by a single line of trenches a mile or two from the shore. But after a month or so the beaches where the landings had been effected assumed a quite different appearance. Piers and landing stages grew out at various points into the sea, notwithstanding the constant shells of the enemy. Within two months the face of Cape Tike Burnu was entirely altered.

Rocks and stones were picked and blasted out, and at first men sent down from the fighting line for rest carried these

the deeper water as a continuation of the breakwater. Two or three other boats were treated in a similar manner. This

pier was one example of preparations for supplying stores, landing men, or evacuation, should the necessity occur. All across the Peninsula good roads had been made, and round the Peninsula from V Beach to Ghurka Bluff ran a broad track out of sight and out of range of the Turkish guns.

If only the Turks could be held back for a few hours and be kept in ignorance of an intended evacuation the troops could leave the trenches, march by sound roads on to well built piers, of which I have given an example, thence on to sunken vessels, and from them on to transports lying alongside, all before the Turk realised that the invader was gone.

But how could the Turk be kept in ignorance of an intended evacuation? Preceding all attacks on Turkish positions there was invariably a combined naval and land

bombardment of the Turkish trenches. During this bombardment, which usually lasted from one to two hours, the rocks and dumped them in the sea. This was the commencement of a great breakwater and pier. Later the Royal Engineers took the matter in hand, and building material was conveyed on trucks running on a light railway. So, gradually a broad, solid breakwater was built some 200ft. or more into the sea. The Engineers continued their work, and finally on the stone breakwater was laid a wooden pier. Next a large collier appeared at the end of this structure, and one day as we were bathing we were told to lie flat. There was an explosion on the collier, and a large hole was blown in her bows, and she settled down in

bombardment of the Turkish trenches. During this bombardment, which usually lasted from one to two hours, the



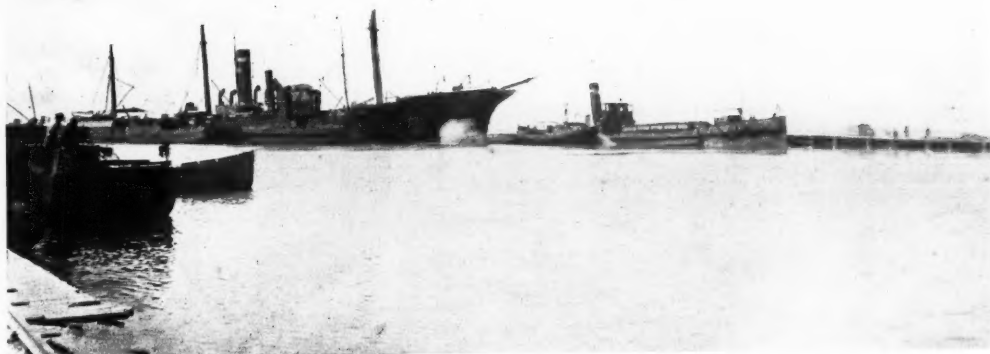
PARTLY CONSTRUCTED PIER AND BREAKWATER.



REMOVING THE FACE OF CAPE TIKE BURNU TO BUILD A BREAKWATER.



BUILDING THE BREAKWATER.



SINKING THE COLLIER AT THE END OF THE BREAKWATER.

N.B.—Note explosion at bows.



THE PIER AT GULLY BEACH.

Turks retired by innumerable communication trenches to reserve lines to belch forth again as soon as the bombardment was over. As soon as the naval bombardment commenced, what easier than for the troops to leave our first lines unobserved. From trench to base was only four miles, and it was only after the troops were on the transports that the Turks realised that the invading force had gone and commenced to shell the beaches. What was required was a perfect co-ordination of military and naval forces. General Birdwood and Admiral ——— by this perfect co-ordination of action have released 100,000 men from Gallipoli and added them to our Forces in more useful spheres. Whatever one may think of the intermediate operations, hampered by want of men and munitions, the landing at Helles was an example of unparalleled heroism and endurance, the evacuation a masterpiece of strategy, both made possible by the Navy.

OUR OLDEST NAVAL HERO.

A PERSONAL IMPRESSION OF LIEUT.-COM. H. T. GARTSIDE-TIPPING.

"It is with regret that, among others, I have to report the death of Lieutenant-Commander H. T. Gartside-Tipping, R.N., of the armed yacht *Sanda*, who was the oldest naval officer afloat. In spite of his advanced age he rejoined, and with undemonstrative patriotism served at sea as a Lieutenant-Commander."—From Vice-Admiral R. H. Bacon's despatch, January 13th, 1916.

THERE lies before me a little stained and discoloured visiting card bearing the inscription—"Lieutenant-Commander H. T. Gartside-Tipping, R.N., H.M. Yacht *Aries*." This was given to me at sundown on January 2nd, 1915, and from that day until I left Lindisfarne in June, it occupied a corner of the looking-glass. Above it was another little card inscribed with a short Litany, "For daily use at noon when the 'Peace Bell' is rung." There were few homes in Holy Island without the "Peace Prayer." The visiting card was, to me, a symbol of all that makes for heroism in the abstract, whether on sea or land. But abstractions are cold and vague. The everyday, throbbing human heart cannot grasp them in times of stress. So the card meant much more to its possessor, because the man who gave it me stood out in my mind as the most heroic figure I had ever met. He was honour and self-sacrifice and nobleness incarnate.

Commander Gartside-Tipping was at that time patrolling the North Sea in the *Aries*. In order to understand what that means one needs to live a whole winter through on the north-east coast. It was my good luck to spend the winter

of 1914-15 in Lindisfarne Castle. There, with the waves thundering against the rocks and the incessant booming of the wind in the huge chimneys one enjoyed security. The roar of the back-wash, the grinding of the shingle, and all that goes to make the tumultuous orchestra of the sea, can indeed be regarded as music by the dweller within thick walls. Scudding storms and flying spindrift are beautiful when watched from the safe shelter of a window seat. But the warmth and comfort within only seemed to increase one's sympathy with the thousands of sailors whose ceaseless vigilance and self sacrifice, under all circumstances and through all weathers, made living in that isolated spot safe and comfortable.

There were days when one's blood tingled with a desire to share in the hardships: days when, if one ventured down the causeway leading to the road, the return journey had to be made on hands and knees till a certain corner was passed. On such tempestuous days the lighter built patrol boats were forced to take shelter in the harbour. Then, if time permitted, the officers and crews came up to explore the castle. It was my unvarying custom to go out on to the upper battery before sunset, and it was there that I met the Commander of the *Aries* on that January afternoon. It was a calm day, as one reckons calmness in Holy Island, and the *Aries* had put into harbour for other reasons than foul weather. We talked generalities and watched the ever shifting light on an opalescent sea. Every now and again a shaft of red light from the setting sun touched the metal work of some ship

far out at sea. The effect was like the sudden belching forth of flames from a gun. We talked of light and shade, of birds and boats, of mysterious lights along the coast, and somehow reached Hickling. Then, by means of that mysterious freemasonry which knits together all lovers of the Broadland, we were no longer strangers. He spoke of his Suffolk home and of Broadland regattas. It was but a sentence here and there. Then followed a silence, pregnant with meaning. The calm level gaze turned southwards and the keen eyes

place to a somewhat grim smile as he said: "Of course, you are a pretty target for the enemy, but you needn't worry, there aren't enough women and children in Holy Island to attract the Germans." The sun was dipping below the horizon, the air grew chilly and we shivered. He held out his hand and said: "Good-bye, we will meet at Hickling, after the war, if I don't foul a mine or something."

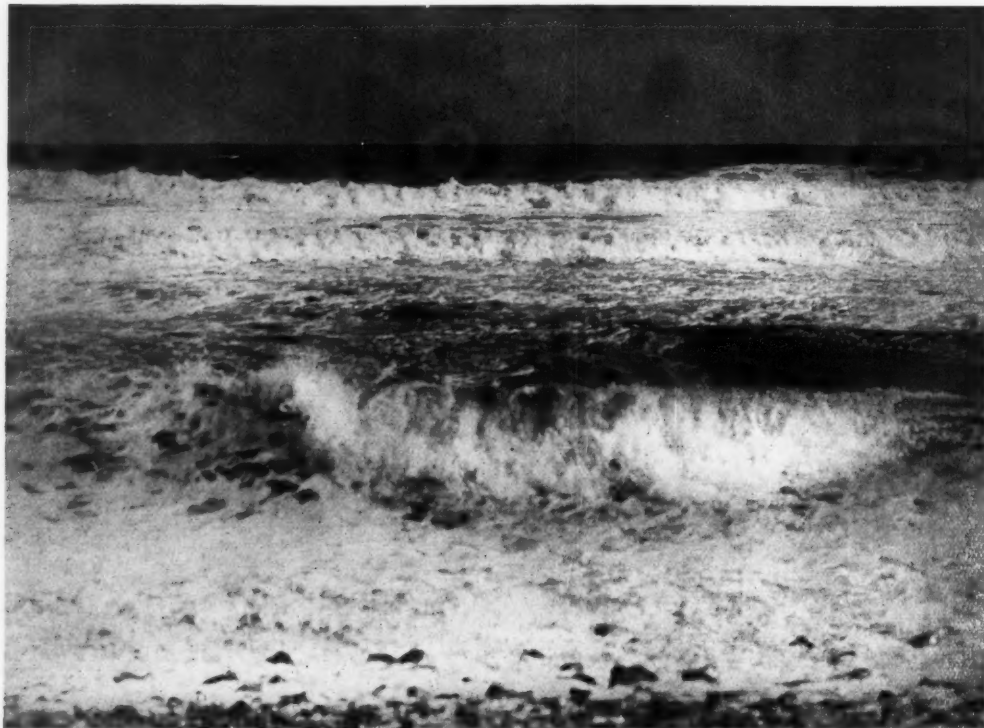
I watched the tall spare figure disappear through the low doorway and down the long gallery, its frail aspect accentuated

by the naval frock-coat. A strange thrill of exultation choked all utterance. Here was a man, and a hero, one of many, thank God! Yet distinct from all others since he was "the oldest naval officer afloat." No one would have called him a shirker had he stayed at home. All this came home to me in that brief interview, though the rapid steps and erect, alert bearing gave one the impression at first of a much younger man. I watched him out of sight and then turned my glasses on to the yacht *Aries*, so typical of the latest phase in our national life. Robbed of all outward show, she lay straining at her anchor. A long, lean grey shadow, stripped for work, with tall arms stretched skywards, her fingers ever on the mighty pulse of the navy. Built for pleasure, she should have been hibernating in some peaceful harbour, dreaming of summer seas and blue skies. Yet day after day I saw her pitching and tossing in the dark tide, sometimes far out at sea, at others, crouched, ready to spring and risk all in one fierce glad bout with Death.

Sunday, January 3rd, was the day set apart for special intercession. Twelve men from the *Aries* were at church. Their presence gave a very real meaning to the quiet service in the little island, so remote from the world, so closely in touch with the sea. The service ended, the commander stood for a few seconds in the aisle with one hand raised, while

his men fell into line ready to follow him out. The face and the gesture haunted me. I never saw him again.

I was at Hickling when the "something" happened. It was a calm, still day, and what wind there was blew from the east. Far away from over the sea came the dull thunder of guns, faint at first, but regular and persistent. Of course, on the east coast we often hear guns firing, but this was different from ordinary target practice. Its sullen roar made us restless and we asked one another, "What can it be?" and "Where is it?" It was the bombardment of Zeebrugge, the "something" had happened. E. L. TURNER.



THE BLEAK AND DESOLATE SEA.



Miss E. L. Turner.

THE CASTLE IN A STORM.

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grew dreamy. The sea was rolling in over the harbour bar, baring its white fangs here and there when fretted by resistance. I pointed to the breakers and said: "You have left all that, for this." He suddenly turned round, his face lit up with a sunny smile, and replied: "Of course, I couldn't stay at home while there was an ounce of work left in me." Then he laughingly asked if I ever felt nervous stuck up on that rock. I owned up to a slight attack of nerves after the Scarborough raid. Immediately the whole aspect of the man changed and stiffened, and he gave vent to a deep-drawn "Ah!" But the sternness soon vanished and gave

IN THE GARDEN.

THE GRAPE ROOM.

A CORRESPONDENT who has failed to keep Grapes when cut from the Vine asks for advice on the subject. The berries, instead of keeping well, either dropped off the bunches or shrivelled up. The variety of the Grape is not given, but we assume it is not an early one like Madresfield Court or Royal Muscadine, or even Black Hamburg, which could hardly be expected to keep much after Christmas. Late Grapes may be kept for months in a perfect condition by simply cutting off the bunches with a piece of the young cane attached and placing the stalk in a jar of water. The process is known as bottling Grapes, and although it sounds very simple, if the Grapes are to be kept successfully they must be placed in a dark room where the temperature and atmospheric conditions are well under control. When severed from the Vine, Grapes soon shrivel or decay if the stalks are not placed in water. No other fruit will keep in a ripened state in the same way, and, generally speaking, ordinary fruit rooms are not well adapted for bottled Grapes. Apart from being dark, the Grape room must be perfectly dry

may be cleaned and pruned in good time, while the Grapes themselves keep longer than when allowed to hang upon the Vines.

BEDDING ROSES OF CARELESS BEAUTY.

ONLY the very free blooming Roses of rather less than average height should be grown in beds for effect. By "free blooming" Roses I mean those of careless beauty, such as La Tosca, Peace, Viscountess Folkestone, Lady Battersea, Caroline Testout and General Macarthur, which produce spreading trusses of blossom and buds. These Roses are not too double, and even though the blooms may suffer in bad weather and heavy showers, there are always scores of buds between early June and October ready to expand and fill the gaps. Blooms that droop upon their stems are of little use for bedding. Individually they may be extremely beautiful, like those of Maman Cochet; but bedding Roses are wanted for their masses of flowers and buds always looking upwards, and we have no room there for modest blooms that hang their heads on slender stems.



THE ROSE GARDEN AT LOWESBY HALL.

and close, and an equable temperature of 40deg. to 45deg. should be maintained. When Grape rooms are specially constructed, they are built with hollow walls to ensure dryness, and a double set of doors in order to counteract the effects of fluctuations in temperature and moisture. It is usual to place the bottles in rows on racks forming screens or partitions, and so arranged that the bottles tilt outwards to allow the bunches to hang quite clear. The bottles should be about three parts filled with water, and one or two pieces of charcoal in each bottle will help to keep the water sweet. Bottling does not appear to affect the flavour of the Grapes in the least, although opinions differ on this point.

The best late-keeping Grapes are Alicante, Gros Colman, Lady Downe's, Mrs. Pince's Muscat, Alnwick Seedling and Muscat of Alexandria. It is perhaps unfortunate that Grapes with thick skins are invariably the best keepers. It is unwise to allow Grapes to hang upon the Vines after this date, although I have seen excellent bunches hanging in good condition in late March. Such a practice is likely to be very injurious, as it necessitates pruning when the sap is either rising or about to rise, and when once Vines commence bleeding it is most harmful, and often fatal to them. By bottling the bunches the Vines

Roses are as free blooming as, and infinitely more beautiful than, most other bedding subjects. It is advisable, however, to ascertain the habit and height of each variety before planting. One variety to each bed is the safest plan, for mixed Roses almost invariably give an uneven result. Personally, I do not care for the Dwarf Polyantha Roses like Orleans Rose and Jessie, now so extensively used for bedding. It is true that they produce an immense quantity of bloom for their size, but they are so prim and "set," and lacking in the beauty and elegance that is characteristic of the best bedding Roses.

In addition to the Roses already given, the following are recommended for massing in beds: Corallina, Mme. Antoine Mari, Victor Hugo, Richmond, Mme. Ravary, Le Progrès, Miss Alice de Rothschild, Marie van Houtte, Mrs. R. G. Sharman Crawford, Pharisaër, Lady Pirrie, Mrs. W. H. Stevens, Augustine Guinoisseau, Lady Ashtown, Joseph Hill, Lady Hillingdon, Lyon Rose, Mrs. E. G. Hill and Prince de Bulgarie. The strong growing Frau Karl Druschki and Hugh Dickson—two of the most magnificent Hybrid Perpetuals in cultivation—are too tall and vigorous to associate with the general run of bedding Roses, but they are most effective in large beds by themselves.

ANNUALS BY THE PATH-SIDE.

Among the annual flowers of lowly stature few are half so gay or so profuse in flowering as the *Godetias*. They seem remarkably well adapted for growing at the edge of a shrubbery and along the sides of garden walks, whether flower garden or kitchen garden. Not that the *Godetia* is alone in this respect, for there are others, like *Alyssum* *Snow Carpet*, which will

form a beautiful edging at least 2ft. in width from seed sown in the open in March. Bold edgings are in every way desirable, and if the annuals are allowed to recede into the border, so much the better. Annuals should never be grown in very narrow strips, but be allowed to spread 2ft. or 3ft. wide at least, in order to create a massive, bold and pleasing effect. In the kitchen garden



AN INFORMAL EDGING OF GODETIAS.

edgings of annuals are accommodating as well as beautiful, because during winter, when it is necessary to wheel manure on the plots and do other heavy work, the plants have departed, and there is no possibility of doing damage as there would be in the presence of herbaceous flowers. Candytuft and Virginian Stock, Mignonette and *Leptosiphon hybridus* likewise make delightful edgings, particularly the

last named when given a sunny position. *Nemophila insignis*, *Dimorphotheca aurantiaca*, *Silene pendula compacta*, *Saponaria calabrica*, Chinese Asters, Tom Thumb *Nasturtiums* and *Alonsoa Warscewiczii* are others well worth considering, though in some soils and situations the flowers may prove rather fugacious. H. C.

LOBSTER FISHERIES & THEIR DEVELOPMENT.

II.—LOBSTER CULTURE.

THE possibility of increasing the numbers of any "wild" animal by artificial rearing of the young depends, in the first place, on the existence of a critical period in the life history during which the death-rate under natural conditions is very high. If the death-rate can be greatly reduced in captivity there is a chance that cultural operations on a sufficiently extensive scale may have some good effect. The incidence of this critical period varies in different animals. Thus, in many fishes where the fertilisation of the eggs is a somewhat haphazard process artificial fertilisation may increase the proportion of fertile eggs, and, where the deposited spawn is exposed to destruction by other animals, hatching the eggs may produce a larger number of young fry. In the case of the lobster, however, neither of these conditions exists. The fertilisation of the eggs requires an actual congress of the sexes, and cannot be effected by artificial means. Further, the spawn is carried attached to the body of the female until hatching takes place, and during this period the dangers to which it is exposed are probably no greater than those which threaten every lobster throughout its adult life.

It seems clear, therefore, that the only hope of artificially cultivating the lobster depends on the possibility of rearing the young through the free-swimming larval stages in which, as already stated, a vast destruction of individual life naturally takes place. This conclusion was arrived at long ago by several of the earlier workers on the development of the lobster, but it has not prevented a great amount of effort and no inconsiderable sums of money being expended in various countries on the hatching of young lobsters to be turned into the sea in their earliest and most helpless infancy. The simplest method of effecting this is by keeping the "berried" females in ponds or tanks or in floating boxes and allowing the young as they hatch to escape into the sea. In this way the females are certainly protected from the traps of the fisherman, but it is doubtful whether any other advantage is gained. The trouble and expense of feeding the parent lobsters must be continued sometimes for many months, and altogether it would seem that it might be just as well to leave the lobsters in the sea to begin with.

It is possible, however, to dispense with the females for the incubation of the eggs. If the spawn is stripped from the swimmerets of the berried lobster, development will follow its normal course so long as the natural conditions are preserved. These conditions practically resolve themselves into ensuring that each separate egg is brought into contact with abundance of well aerated sea water, as it is while attached to the constantly moving swimmerets

of the mother. This can be done by placing the eggs in suitably devised hatching jars through which a continuous stream of sea water is made to flow in such a way that the eggs are kept in motion and are prevented from settling on the bottom. By this method it is not necessary to provide the extensive ponds or hatching boxes required for keeping large numbers of full-grown lobsters, and the difficulties of feeding them are obviated. On the other hand, there is no evidence that the eggs would not have hatched equally well if the berried lobsters had been protected from capture by the fishermen.

Some statistics quoted by Dr. E. J. Allen of Plymouth illustrate very strikingly the futility of attempts to increase the stock of lobsters by such means. Assuming, as we may fairly do, that but for the interference of man the lobster population of the sea would be more or less constant, it is clear that the average number of eggs produced during the lifetime of each female gives us a measure of the average death rate. Dr. Allen gives reasons for believing 30,000 to be a very low estimate of the average number of eggs produced by each female, and out of this large number only two individuals will survive to maturity if the number of the population remains constant. Now, in the year 1891 the lobster hatcheries in Newfoundland dealt with the enormous number of 696,000,000 eggs. Neglecting a loss of some 20 per cent. before hatching, a survival rate of two in 30,000 of the larvæ turned into the sea would allow only 46,400 to become full-grown lobsters. The total catch of the Newfoundland fisheries in the year 1893 exceeded 5,000,000 lobsters, so that the product of the hatcheries would represent only the imperceptible addition of '9 per cent. to the annual catch.

It may be urged that while these figures show the hopelessness of attempts to increase the abundance of lobsters over large areas by such means, they do not prove them useless for restocking limited stretches of coast that have been depleted by overfishing. It has already been pointed out that the adult lobster is, on the whole, a stationary animal, not wandering for great distances from its usual haunts, and a local scarcity on any part of the coast is not likely to be soon remedied by natural immigration from neighbouring districts. The floating pelagic young are, indeed, drifted far and wide by currents, but the lie of the coast line or the set of the tides may prevent their reaching some particular locality, and in that case the liberation of large numbers of newly hatched fry might conceivably succeed in re-stocking the district. At the same time it is at least questionable whether the setting free of a comparatively small number of breeding lobsters would not produce the same effect at far less cost.

The rearing of the young during the two or three weeks of their surface-swimming life until they are ready as "lobsterlings"

to seek the bottom of the sea presents many difficulties. When confined together in a limited space the larvæ show a most unfortunate propensity to cannibalism, which rapidly reduces their numbers. Their tendency to move away from the light leads them to overcrowd the darker corners of the apparatus, and their feeble power of swimming allows them to sink to the bottom or to be carried by currents against the sides of the containing vessel. Their natural food consists of minute floating crustacea and other organisms, and it is not easy to obtain sufficient supplies of this or to provide an acceptable substitute. For these and other reasons most experimenters have only found it possible to deal with relatively small numbers of fry, and have succeeded in raising, at most, a small proportion of these as far as the lobsterling stage. In recent years, however, as a result of work carried on by the United States Bureau of Fisheries and by the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries of Rhode Island, great advances have been made and it has proved possible to rear very large numbers of lobsterlings. The system employed at the Rhode Island hatchery at Wickford, R.I., is described in a paper by Dr. A. D. Mead, published in the Bulletin of the Bureau of Fisheries, Vol. xxviii, 1908 (1910), from which the following account is mainly drawn.

Briefly stated, the method employed consists in rearing the fry in large boxes (or "cars" as they are called) floating in the sea in a sheltered cove, and provided with windows, screened with wire gauze which permits free passage for the sea water but prevents the escape of the larvæ. An essential feature of the system is that the water in each car is kept in constant motion by a two-bladed propeller of wood revolving within the car. By this means the larvæ are kept from congregating in swarms and from being carried and held against the screens, while the particles of food are also held in suspension and prevented from settling on the bottom out of reach of the larvæ. The cars, each 10ft. square by 4ft. in depth, are supported by a series of skeleton rafts surrounding a house-boat in which a gasoline engine drives the shafting to which the propellers are geared. The berried female lobsters with eggs nearly ready to hatch are put into the cars and when a sufficient

number of larvæ have been set free the parents are removed. Frequent and abundant feeding is necessary to prevent cannibalism, and many experiments have been made to find the most suitable food. The best results have been obtained by the use of boiled beef very finely chopped and beaten up in water with an egg-beater. This is shaken into the rearing boxes through a fine net bag, and the minute floating particles are eagerly seized and devoured by the fry.

The results of this method have been very favourable. On an average about 40 per cent. of the first-stage larvæ have been reared successfully to the fourth or lobsterling stage, and an output of well over 300,000 lobsterlings has been obtained in a single season. As to the cost, it is estimated that an installation similar to that at Wickford comprising twenty-four rearing-boxes and capable of turning out over half a million lobsterlings each season could be constructed in America for 1,800dol., while the running expenses work out at a little less than 3dol. per 1,000 lobsterlings. It is obvious, of course, that these figures might vary considerably in different localities. The problem of finding a suitable situation for the installation might be a difficult one on many parts of the coast, since it must be adequately sheltered from storms and at the same time assured of an ample and unpolluted supply of sea-water.

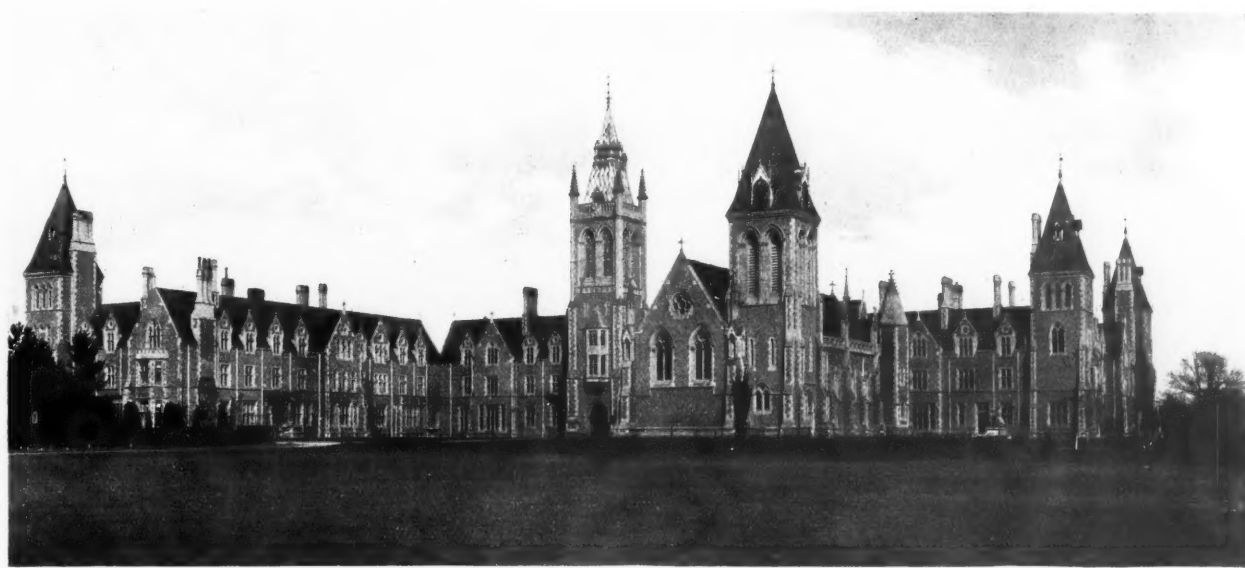
Finally, it must be emphasised that while the planting-out of lobsterlings is much more likely, for reasons already given, to prove effectual in replenishing the stock on depleted grounds than the mere liberation of newly hatched fry, we are entirely without data for even the roughest estimate of their increased chance of survival. The young lobsters reared at Wickford between 1900 and 1908 were turned out, to the number of about half a million, in the upper half of Narragansett Bay, and it is stated that there have been "numerous and increasing reports" of small lobsters, from tin. to 8in. long, being seen in the particular districts where the young had been liberated, although for many years previously "according to the statements of fishermen" small lobsters had been conspicuously absent from this region. There, for the present, as far as published reports are available, the matter rests.

W. T. CALMAN.

ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

VI.—CHARTERHOUSE.

By ALAN R. HAIG BROWN.



A. H. Fry.

CHARTERHOUSE.

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CHARTERHOUSE to the school historian means more than the island of buildings riding on the sunlit lawns of the Surrey hills, with the blue hills of Hindhead floating in the distance above the valleys of the Wey. It means, too, another island of perpetual calm, of cloistered paths and creeper-laden courts, of mulberry trees and grassy plots set in the heart of London and only disturbed at its utmost edges by the roar of the traffic sweeping down Clerkenwell Road and by the clatter of meat-vans as they hurry over the cobbled ways that lead from Smithfield to Aldersgate Street. And the one is the island of perpetual youth, the other the island of perpetual age. Down among the Surrey oaks the eternal feet of boyhood follow each other in a swift succession,

while up in London old age goes on its quiet and perhaps happy way, and old age gives place again to grey hairs and bent shoulders so soon as each traveller sets forth upon his long last journey.

The contrast is bound to occur to any lover of Charterhouse—the contrast between this London Domus where men of gentle birth "broke in our wars" or in the hardly less brutal struggle of civilised life find in their closing years a peace and content which they had never yet known and that newer, brighter, laughter-laden atmosphere, some forty miles south, where the whole world of mirth and tragedy, of failure and success, of wonder and disappointment is but a football lying at the toe of youth—to be kicked as one wishes—or as the gods guide one's feet.

But Charterhouse in London and Charterhouse in Surrey are still one in heart as once they were one in body. The outward separation came in 1872 when Haig Brown, with a rare wisdom, picked up the schoolboys and their books and took them to the sunshine of Godalming, and left the white-headed pensioners among their ancient stones and courtyards. And the inward bond of intimacy is shown when in the December fog the lights of innumerable carriages and cars hover round the stones of Charterhouse Square while their owners honour the founder with speeches and with song, and the smoke of cigars hangs in the rafters of that grand old hall where



THE SCHOOL LIBRARY.



HONOURED NAMES.

Norfolk once held high revel and close beside which he is supposed to wander nightly with his severed head beneath his arm. By that annual meeting of old Carthusians, and by the more frequent gatherings of Carthusian masons, and in a hundred other ways the links in the chain that binds Past with Present remain unchafed by the rubbing of the years. And I, for one, have felt more of the spirit of Charterhouse as I passed by the tombs of Thackeray and Newbolt, or as I have walked on the terrace which now overlooks Merchant Taylors' School, than ever came to me borne on the winter breezes with the cry of Charterhouse from the crowded touch line of the school football ground in Surrey.

I think that the prevailing view of all old boys when their generation is

passed is that school, like *Punch*, is never "so good as it was." It is an entirely wrong impression born of egotism, for great schools, like all great things, are ever improving and widening in their sphere of education, utility and impression. But change is never quite pleasant when we are outside the scope of that change, and it is not unnatural to wish the hopeless wish that things, when we have left them, will ever remain the same. And nothing changes quite so much as our old school, nor for that matter remains quite so unchangeable — thus all are satisfied, those that remain to guide and those that pass out — their guidance given them; and the same kind of



A. H. Fry,

THE SCHOOL CHAPEL.

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links which bind Old Charterhouse with the New, bind also the past generation of Carthusians with the present and those to come.

I suppose, if I would satisfy the sentimental heart, that I should say my most vivid recollection of Charterhouse school days is the remembrance of some sermon heard in the softness of the summer air. But that I will leave to greater Carthusians—they can afford it. For myself, two scenes come back to me unfailingly: The one, the closing mistiness of a still winter afternoon, the crowded goal-line, and through the fog, over the sandy ground, the red and blue shirts and the blue knickers of the irresistible line of Charterhouse forwards, headed by Reggie Salt and G. O. Smith, thundering down upon the enemy's goal. Or, again, it is a summer's evening, and an expectant crowd hangs over the bridge that looks over the road which leads to Godalming. The distant music of a band comes floating up the hill and

the very strong impression made by those who strove to set our feet in the straight and narrow way: Haig Brown, with the true presence and dignity of a headmaster, courteous or fierce, as his subject moved him, witty but seldom sarcastic, never forgetful of a face or history, inspiring and life-centred in Charterhouse, strong and just; and with him one described by a Carthusian as the "Mother of all Carthusians"—the two of them reigning over a little world that gave them a very loving and a very loyal allegiance. And there was Page, the lover of all that is beautiful in art, literature and life, and who had the rare gift of making others see that beauty. Page the eloquent, the cynical, the champion of the assistant master, who has done more, perhaps, than anyone to place headmasters in their true perspective before the world; Page the ever courteous and sympathetic, one of those rare schoolmasters who kept his head mountains high above the narrow and narrowing round of scholastic



THE HALL OF THE LONDON CHARTERHOUSE.

round the corner of the road sweeps into view a long, black uniformed column, and at their head, with all the glamour of a guardsman, strides Sergeant Grindell bearing aloft the silver round of the Ashburton Shield. Less vividly, perhaps, but still vividly, can I see up this self-same road a horseless dog-cart drawn by an excited crowd, wherein sit Streatfield and Shelmerdine, the first Carthusian pair to win the Public Schools racket cup at Queen's.

And minor memories recall the clashing pinks of Charterhouse and Westminster amid the summer-covered oaks of Green, of Peers' catch that won the match against Wellington straight through the thickest and leafiest of one of these very trees, of linked-armed lines of "bloods" pacing the cricket pitch after chapel on Sunday, of the gay glitter of Saturday evening entertainments in hall, of sad evenings at the end of summer quarter, when heroes were carried by admirers—heroes, alas! many of them for the last time in their lives. And, of course, too, there remains

life. Danes Longworth, too, debonair, athlete and scholar, a racket in one hand, a faultless fair-copy of Greek verse in the other, sometimes dropping the first for a salmon fly, the second for a rose that grew at his cottage door opposite the racket courts.

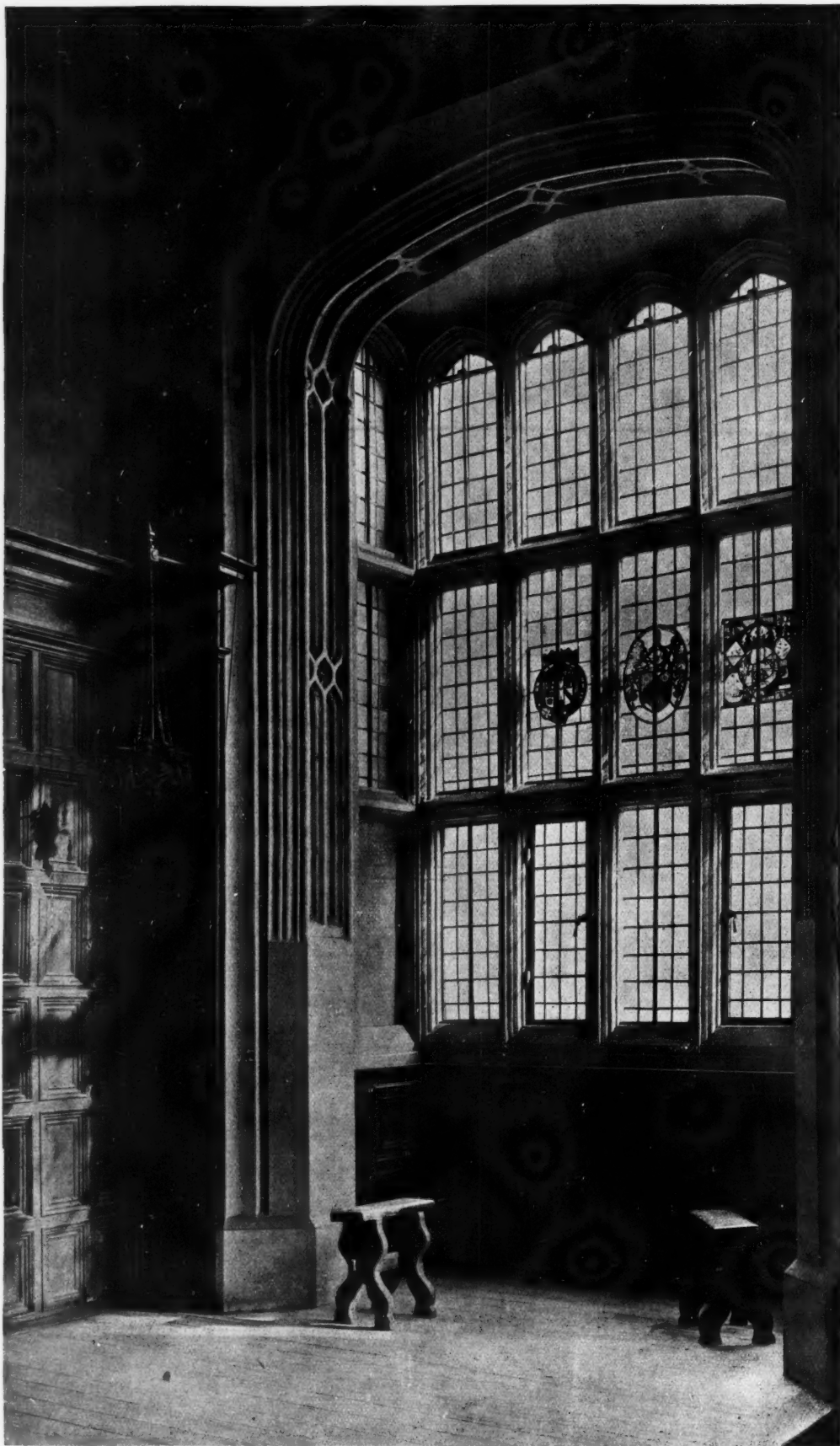
Far more prosaic was Girdlestone, though always ubiquitously useful, searching the world for schoolboy entertainers for each Saturday night, bustling off with his boys to a meet directly school was over and always finding the hounds, though they had had three or four clear hours' start of him. Brusqueness he brought to a fine art, but it was never without kindness. As a starter at the athletic sports he was reported thus to warn the competitors, "When I say go, go, go," and, if the story has not lost in the telling, it at least contains this amount of truth, that his pistol nearly always misfired and left him dependent on the word of mouth. But each master of note had his special circle of friends and Moss, urbane and hospitable, humorous, kind

and generous, was always exceeding popular with those in house and form. French masters, too, one can recall from those days, though they and the public school boy got on too well together and now seldom are allowed to meet in the English class rooms. Voight, with a capability for fierce resentment if too much baited, was reported to have existed on rats during the siege of Paris, and there was no more charming friend in out-of-school life. Equally agreeable

companions were Petilleau, always ready to fight again the battle of Waterloo; and Biard, whose five-hundred-lines victim once chose for his theme the story of "Blue Biard," and introduced that hero's name into every line of his imposition. One might tell many stories of those days, but one hesitates to do so. One feels no malice against one's past mentors and, even if one did, a black and white revenge after many years is not the product of a Public School

upbringing. And always there is a very real fear lest a wound may be dealt to an honoured old age or, worse still, to the relatives of one that is not. In my day at Charterhouse masters were institutions—one saw neither their coming nor their going. They were there—they remained. Most difficult of all is it to realise that men like Romanis and Tait have fallen by the wayside, that Haig Brown, Page and Girdlestone no longer walk of a Sunday round Huntmore Bottom, and that under almost every mortar-board one meets there is a new face to be scrutinised.

I cannot recall that in my generation of Carthusians there were any who have since won special renown such as fell to Baden-Powell, to Lord Alverstone and to many another from the old school. But one meets constantly the names of contemporaries well to the fore in every walk of life, and of these is the backbone of the Empire formed. It is, however, difficult to claim for one's own schoolfellows qualities and characteristics definitely due to their own particular surroundings. Everyone has "pride of school," of course, but I am not sure it should not rather be "pride of system;" and any great Public School must make men of boys when it has all the advantages of tradition, locality and institutions that appeal to every sort of mind. Given the British Public School and given the British boy of breeding, and you have the maintenance of Empire. Defects you will have, too, as well as advantages of character in this upbringing; but the schools *do* make for leadership and adaptability for



THE LONDON CHARTERHOUSE: HALL BAY.

justice and straight dealing, and such are the desirabilities of a sovereign race. But especially at such a time as the present I should not like to suggest that even Charterhouse (and that "even" merely means that it is my own old school) with its traditions, its ample and luxurious buildings, its playing fields, its ranges and swimming baths necessarily produced a better class of man than comes from any other great Public School. The sternest struggle of history made trial of the Public School system. Instead of shaking it to its foundations, it found it laughing, eager, irresistible—it also found it unready. But, perhaps, it would not have found it so laughing, so eager, so irresistible if it had also found it ready. One never knows—and our very defects may make for our invincibility in the end—the bitter end. To-day Charterhouse, like most other Public Schools, and typical of all that is best in that life, is but a reservoir of young blood ready and overflowing to be spilled upon the battlefields of the world. And from that saturated soil will grow the flower of the Public School system in more imperishable and beautiful strength than it has hitherto known. And it will no longer be an exotic flower that one feared for except in a sunny clime, but one impervious alike to sandy or icy gusts, to Arctic frosts or parching heat. And Carthusian blood, rarefied upon those blue, Surrey hills will have its share, its full share, in this result.

CONCERNING LITHOGRAPHS.

Lithography and Lithographers, by Elizabeth Robins Pennell and Joseph Pennell. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

READERS of COUNTRY LIFE have no excuse for ignorance as to the high place taken by lithography among the graphic arts or as to the great part played in its revival by Mr. Joseph Pennell, for some of his finest work has been reproduced in these pages. They will, therefore, welcome the more this very fine volume, to which Mrs. Pennell contributes a history of the art and Mr. Pennell a luminous essay on technical methods. Mrs. Pennell's work is based on a book to which both contributed, issued seventeen years ago and long unobtainable, but it has been so far remodelled as to be a new history, for all practical purposes.

The book is the first of a series on the graphic arts in which the authors are all to be graphic artists and not art critics, and equal emphasis will be laid on the historical and technical sides of the various arts. As Mr. Pennell says: "Artistic work cannot be taught. Either one is an artist or not, but an artist is not a master till he has mastered



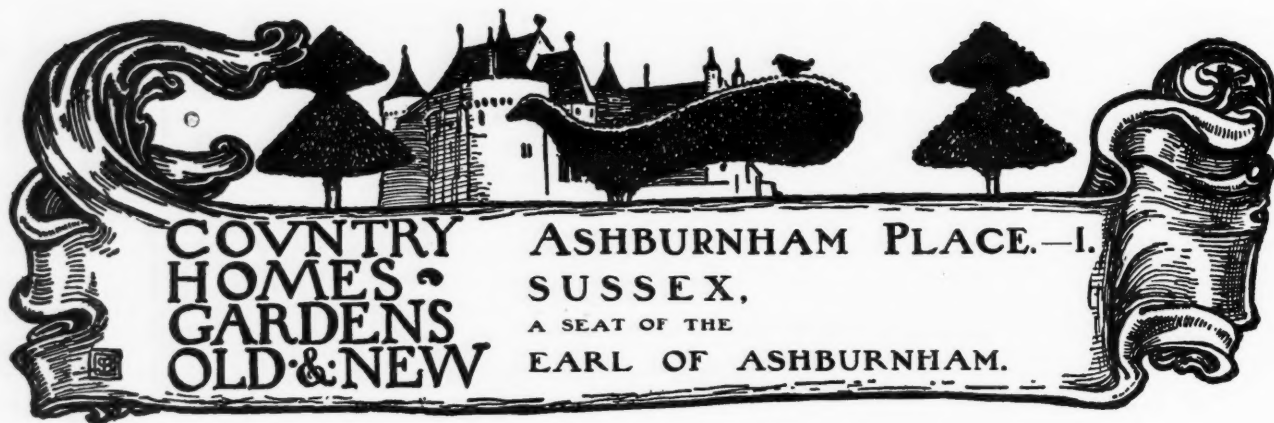
SUTTON'S TOMB.

"There he lies, Fundator Noster, in his ruff and gown waiting the great Examination Day."—THACKERAY.

technique." But it is no less true that all modern art is a development of what has gone before, and if the artist is ignorant of the traditions on which the fabric of to-day has been built, he not only deprives his work of depth but he wastes his time on experiments which others have found wanting.

Lithography is only 117 years old and has a precise history shared by no other art. Aloys Senefelder was its inventor, and he set down the story of its beginnings with a categorical plainness which leaves no room for ingenious speculations. Nevertheless, Mrs. Pennell has given an attractive freshness to her historical account, for she writes in a vivid and arresting fashion. Moreover, the history is illustrated by a fine series of seventy-nine reproductions from the work of Senefelder and his followers in France and elsewhere from his own day until now.

The hopefulest thing about the lithography of to-day is that it is a comparatively inexpensive process. To this we owe the presence on the Underground Railway hoardings of notable pictures by such distinguished artists as Mr. Brangwyn, Mr. Spencer Pryse and Mr. Anthony Barker, and they are incidentally a tribute to the admirable judgment of the railway direction. The final impression we take from this admirable book is of the infinite variousness of lithography. It interprets with equal justice a Watteau-like subject such as Von Menzel's "The Garden," a delicate portrait like Ernest Jackson's "Robe de Velours," Whistler's exquisite and undefined drawings of the Thames, Mr. Pennell's own robust interpretations of Greek Temples and of the Herculean labours of Panama, and Edouard Manet's most broadly handled "Portrait de Femme."



OF the long tenure of the great Sussex estate of Ashburnham by the direct male line of the family that took its name from the place we have documentary evidence. But of what their early home was like, and even of the times when the present house was built and altered, not a "scrap of paper" seems to survive. When we come to describe it the fabric and its decorative details must be our chief guides, and even their authority is rendered dim and suspect through the drastic alterations and introductions of nineteenth century owners, which even where good, as many are, tend to mystify the visitor who wishes to assign exact dates to the various acts of development and change.

That the male line of Ashburnham has held the estate—with one curious little interval soon to be noted—since the twelfth century is quite certain, and it is more than probable

that the date ought to be put much further back. Indeed, old Fuller grows eloquent on their descent and declares: "My poor and plain pen is willing, though unable, to add any lustre to this family of stupendous antiquity." The Ashburnhams were of the many for whom the Elizabethan and Jacobean heralds produced family trees of most deep-rooted nature, but whose subterranean ramifications have not stood the tests applied by later scientific genealogists. It is a pretty story of how Bertram, descended from Piers Lord of Eshburnham, was sheriff of Sussex, Surrey and Kent, and Constable of Dover when William the Norman landed at Senlac and soon advanced victoriously on to the Ashburnham acres. Bertram, the native Saxon to whom the imaginative herald has forgotten to give a Saxon name, then holds Dover Castle against the conqueror, but is soon captured and beheaded with two of his sons. And yet, when the lands of

all those who in the smallest degree stood in the way of the invaders were forfeit another son remains in peaceful possession of the ancestral estate and passes it on to his descendants! So late as 1835 Mr. Horsfield, the historian of Sussex, accepts the story though he is alive to its contradictory elements, for he tells us that although William "considered this family as hostile to his views, yet he does not appear to have confiscated their estate." Recent editions of Burke, however, limit the actual authentic record of the family to Reginald de Hesseburnham, great-grandfather of Sir Richard de Esburnham, who flourished in the reign of Henry III. From that time forward, the successive owners took their share of local business and appear occasionally in the lists of sheriffs and knights of the Shire, but none, until the time of John Ashburnham, the friend and servant of Charles I, won a place on the page of history. John Ashburnham, at the age of seventeen, succeeded his father, but he inherited a load of debt and an alienated estate. From the inscription on his monument (illustration 10), we learn that the father's "good nature and frank disposition towards his friends" obliged him to sell the estate, "not leaving to his wife and six children the least subsistence" when he died in 1620. Fortunately, the widow was a Beaumont, of which family also was the mother of young Villiers, whom James I had now made Duke of



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1.—THE APPROACH FROM THE SOUTH.

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2.—IN THE SMALL DINING-ROOM

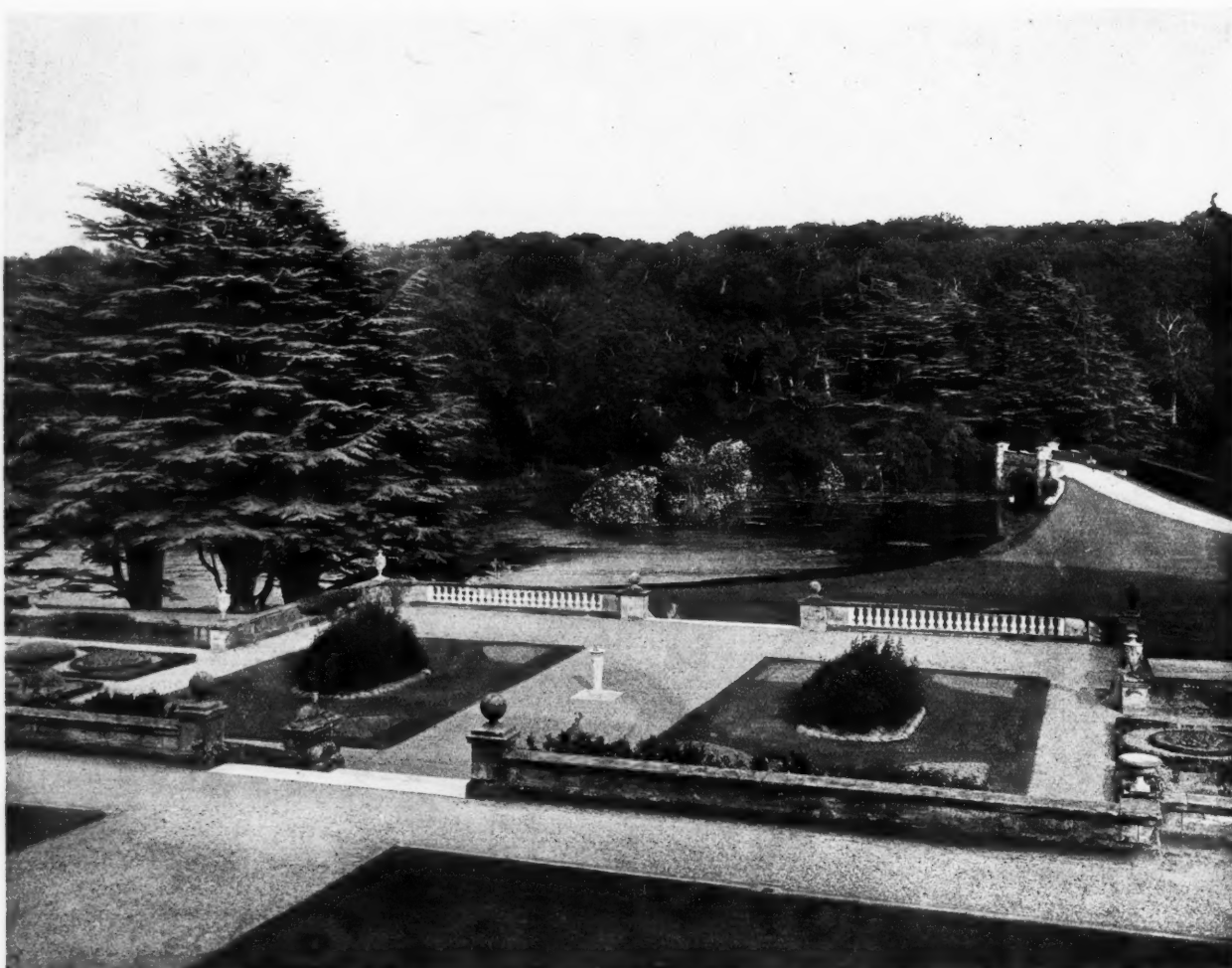
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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3.—SOUTH SIDE, LOOKING ON TO THE TERRACE GARDEN.

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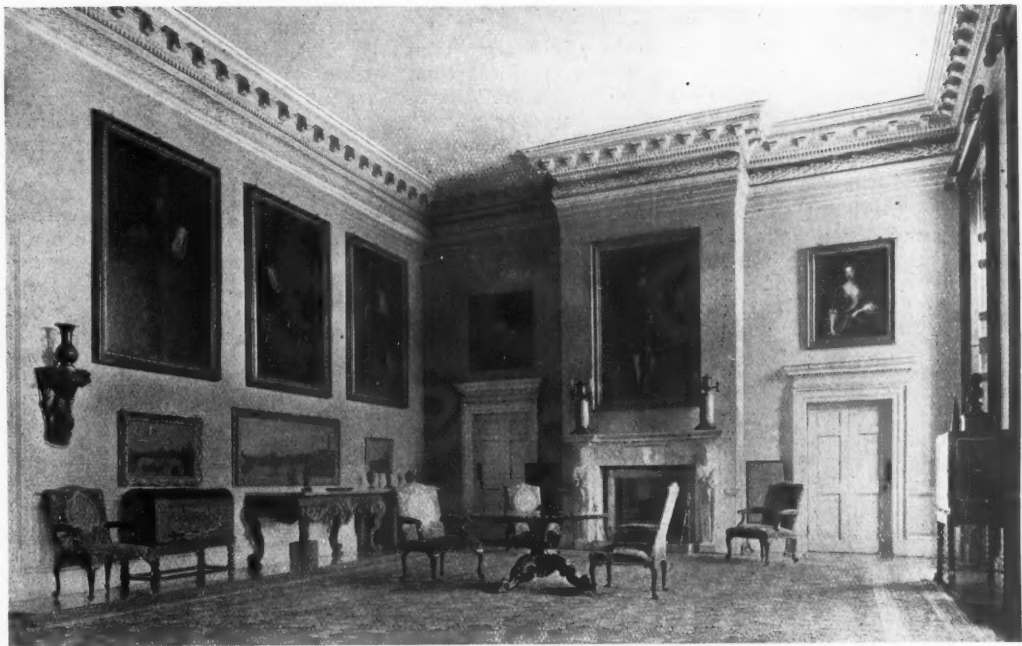


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4.—VIEW FROM AN UPPER WINDOW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Buckingham and prime favourite and who soon got his young cousin a place at Court. Fortunately also the lad was of a prudent disposition, capable of seizing opportunities of winning dame Fortune to his side and of becoming what his ancestors had all been, Ashburnham of Ashburnham. Yet, probably the epitaph already quoted is hurrying matters somewhat when it declares that "within less than two years" of his father's death, and therefore when he was yet a minor, the family was again in easy circumstances. It was certainly nineteen years before the estate was completely bought back. It had been sold to Edward Broomfield and Thomas Overman and from them purchased by William Relfe, who died possessed of it in 1637. Perhaps it was heavily charged to the benefit of the original vendor's family and his creditors. Anyhow, the Dictionary of National Biography informs us that in 1639 it had become a "ruinous burden to its actual possessors," and that a warrant under the Privy Seal enabled John Ashburnham to regain it. The same authority speaks of the ample evidence afforded by the State Papers that this Groom of the Bedchamber omitted few of the many opportunities given him by his position at Court to enrich himself by money-lending or by the purchase of land at easy rates; while from the inscription on the monument we learn that Frances Holland, his first wife, "made the first step towards the recovery of some part of the inheritance wasted by the said Sir John,



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5.—THE HALL, LOOKING EAST.

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6.—WEST END OF THE HALL.

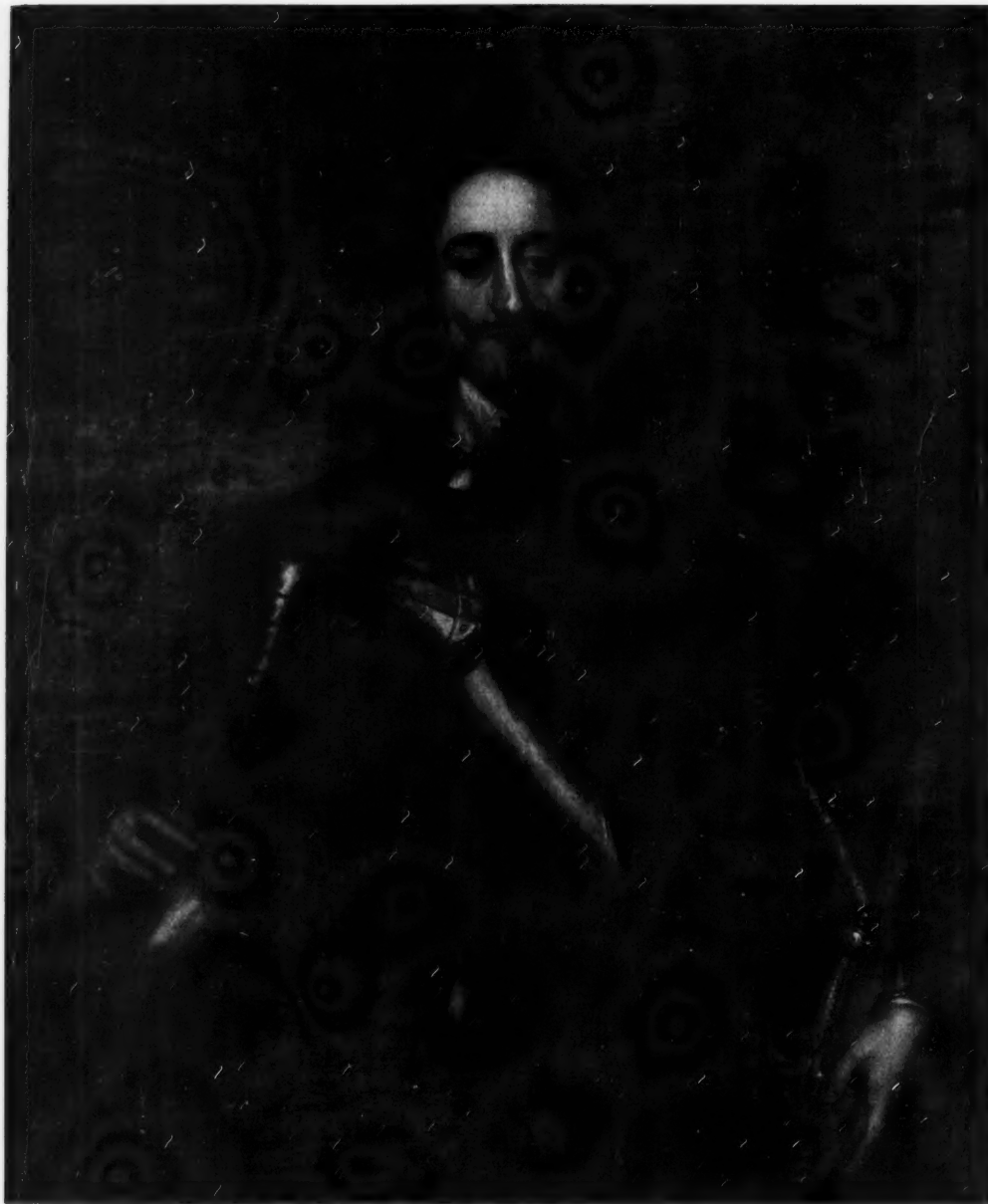
"COUNTRY LIFE."

for she could her whole estate to lay out the money in this place."

But at the very moment when the 15,000 acres were finally regained and affluence was grasped the political storm threatened destruction to this work of years. John Ashburnham sat for Hastings in the Long Parliament until his royalist principles and his attendance on the King made Westminster no place for him. In February, 1645, he was discharged and disabled from attending, and before the year ended his estates were sequestered. He was then with Charles as paymaster to his army and remained with him until the Scots took charge of the Royal Person. Then he fled abroad, but rejoined the King at Hampton Court in 1647. Till that moment there could be no question of his whole-hearted devotion to his master and of his sufferings for the cause.

treated him with more indulgence than many who had been of the inner circle of the King. He was allowed to remain in England and compound for his estates. A marriage with a second wife possessed of means enabled him to do this and also, as he tells us, to send money to Charles II in exile, which, becoming known, led to his detention in the Tower and banishment to Guernsey. Such valuable and dangerous service to his King might well have led in 1660 to a greater reward than the renewal of the bedchamber appointment. A cousin, Ashburnham of Broomham, of whom no exceptional service to the royal cause is known, obtained a baronetcy, but the owner of Ashburnham remained a plain squire until his death in 1671, and it was the Whig revolution of 1689 that brought a peerage to his grandson. "I will seal it with my blood that I never intended anie thing but the dis-

charge of my duty to the king, nor ever had a disloyall thought to the recovery of His just authority; and my witness being in Heaven, I doubt not but that God of His mercy will show some tokens upon mee for good, that they which hate mee may see them and bee ashamed, because Hee hath holpen mee and comforted mee." Such are the words with which Charles's intimate attendant ends his "Narrative" of the unfortunate incidents of 1647, and on the other side there is nothing but the insinuation of hostile gossip. An engaging figure and a distinct personality, it is regrettable that his ancestral home which he worked so hard to win back and yet risked for his political faith has not been preserved to us. We have the glorious landscape, the timbered heights and watery hollows, the open downs and the sheltered farms, but the great house presents none of the features which John Ashburnham found or created. Even the obscure portion of the main block that escaped the drastic refacings of the nineteenth century possesses detail no earlier than the last quarter of the seventeenth century and is certainly a remnant of



7.—KING CHARLES I, BY VANDYKE.

But then occurred the incident over which controversy raged so long that his descendant, the third Earl, published in 1830 a two volume "Vindication of his Character and Conduct." At first the Cromwellian army had inclined to an arrangement with Charles. Soon they decided that they could not trust him or be safe under him, despite restrictions to his power. He and his intimates then plotted escape. Without guarantees or any assurance of safety, they let him come into the hands of Hammond, Governor of the Isle of Wight. Captivity, trial and death followed. Many royalists laid blame on and even hinted treachery against Ashburnham for the part he took in this disastrous affair. But Charles believed in him to the end, and there is no shred of evidence to disprove his faithfulness. No doubt he had made enemies, and they could point out that the Commonwealth Government

the house as it appeared in the time of William III still known to us by a picture that hangs on one of the landings. It was typical of its period, squarish, with slightly projecting wings, tall heavily sash-barred windows in even rows, and a hipped roof coming down on to a modillioned cornice of wood. Beyond this stretches out in the picture part of an older house dating from the earlier years of the seventeenth century. This portion exists and contains the kitchen, but the exterior was entirely refaced and altered in the nineteenth century in the same manner as almost the whole of the William III house, of which, however, a subsidiary staircase remains as an internal feature, while much of the servants' quarters have casements framed in the manner common under Charles II and retained for modest or inconspicuous elevations for some time after his

death. This part looks out on to the church which John Ashburnham is reputed to have "rebuilt," but which is still a late Gothic edifice much repaired and wholly refitted after Charles II's restoration. The window heads of the nave, traceried in the fashion of Henry VII's time, remain in stone, but many of the shafts or mullions are of oak, showing the character of John Ashburnham's reparations, and the porch with Renaissance detail will be one of his additions. Another may have been the north chancel aisle, where the faithful squire lies in marble between his two wives, and his eight children kneel in prayer beneath (illustration 10).

But in the house there is nothing which we can with certainty attribute to the most historical member of the family beyond his two portraits by Mytens. The full length is in the hall, and the half length occupies the panel over the fireplace in the little dining room (illustration 2), and looks across the room to where Vandyke's presentment of his master and mistress (the latter with the dress repainted by Reynolds) occupies the place of honour (illustrations 7 and 8). The room itself has features, such as the ceiling and mantelpiece, so much in the manner of Inigo Jones and his kinsman Webb that the first inclination is to set it down to John Ashburnham, and liken it to the work in Ashburnham House, Westminster, which authorities agree to assign to those architects. That house was the principal London residence of the family in the seventeenth century, and an inventory, dated 1693-4, of the first Lord Ashburnham's movables here and in the country shows us that the Westminster house contained the Vandyke portraits of Charles and Henrietta Maria and also of the King's cousin, James Stuart Duke of Richmond, and of his wife, sister to the Duke of Buckingham whom we have seen befriending his relative, John Ashburnham. The full length portraits of the Duke and Duchess now being in the hall of the Sussex house together with others

—such as that of John Ashburnham's brother, Sir William, and of his grandson, the first lord, which also were at Westminster when the latter's inventories were taken. He had succeeded his grandfather in 1671, and six years later had married a Breconshire heiress. All points to his having been a wealthy man and the rebuilder of the Sussex house either before or after he obtained his peerage in 1689. Of that house, however, the little dining-room formed no part, for it is one of the rooms of the Georgian building set up in front of his grandfather's house by the second Earl of Ashburnham. The first lord had been succeeded in 1710 by his elder son, who, together with his young wife, succumbed to small pox six months later at Ashburnham.

The younger son thus followed as third baron, and in 1730 was created Earl of Ashburnham and Viscount

St. Asaph. Seven years later he gave place to his thirteen year old boy, who held the estates for three quarters of a century. In 1724 the first earl married a daughter and co-heir of the first Duke of Kent of the Grey family, and we find his arms impaling those of Grey, and having the hound supporters and Earl's coronet, on an iron fireback of large size and bold design, which must therefore date between 1730 and 1737. Ashburnham was one of the many Sussex estates that profited largely from the ironworks or "forges" of which those in this county were the most important in England in the sixteenth century, though few continued as did that at Ashburnham until the beginning of the nineteenth century. The portrait of the first earl in his peer's robes is the last on the north wall of the hall (illustration 5). This vast room occupies the centre of the south elevation



8.—QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA, BY VANDYKE.

of the house and has finely wrought marble fireplaces at each end, and over them hang the Vandyke portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Richmond. Here we find great console tables in the manner of William Kent, while other furniture is in what Chippendale called his French manner. Such are not only the chairs, but two lacquered chests of drawers, one of which shows behind a chair in illustration 6. The rather reserved curves and the narrowness of the projecting corners give them the English touch, and the lacquer is certainly European. The tops are of a reddish figured marble framed in Carrara with a guilloche edge. They are of the time of the second earl who came of age in 1745 and ten years later married Elizabeth, co-heir of Sir Ambrose Crowley, a London alderman, who endowed his daughter with £200,000. Most of the silver forming the Ashburnham collection, the

sale of which at Christie's was one of the events of the spring of 1914, was acquired by the fourth Earl, of whom much will be said next week. But there were family bits as well, and among them, numbered 109 in the catalogue, a great centrepiece formed as an oval bowl and cover supported by two goats. Below, surmounted by the Earl's coronet, are twin shields engraved with the arms of Ashburnham and Crowley. The whole weighs 513oz., and was made by Nicholas Sprimont in 1747. Though made some years before the marriage it may well have been one of the chief objects presented to or acquired by the newly married couple, but there will have been many others, although the fourth Earl having been so large and varied a collector of objects of vertu it is impossible, in the absence of diaries and account books, to differentiate between his acquisitions and those of his grandfather. To the latter, however, we are able with certainty to attribute great exterior changes. The gardening style of Capability Brown flourished while he was in the prime of life and had energy to devote towards creating landscape effects on a large scale. This he did most effectively. By various dams and bridges across the hollow which separates the easy slope on which house and garden are situate from the timbered ridge opposite he made a series of natural-looking lakes of wide extent. He planted largely and well, freely using the then popular cedar with the admirable results seen in illustrations 4 and 9. He certainly had an exceptionally favourable and beautiful site for his lay out. But it is to his credit that he dealt with it rightly and has given us better work than was generally achieved by a school that too



Copyright. 9.—THE SECOND EARL'S CEDARS AND BRIDGE. "C.L."

often destroyed fine formality only to replace it by false and artificial naturalness.

A STUDENT'S BOOK.

THE introduction to Professor Russell's students' book on *Soils and Manures* (Cambridge University Press), although it does not make a direct statement as to the kind of students for which it is intended, gives one to understand that it applies to agricultural colleges training practical men, and not to institutes producing Bachelors in Agricultural Science. For this purpose it will certainly play a useful part, as it treats the question very fully. Thus the first section, being an account of the soil, speaks about what the plant wants from the soil, illustrated it intelligibly by pot experiments, and makes the student generally acquainted with plant food. It

treats broadly the question of analysis of the soil, especially from the mechanical point of view, gives a short account on qualitative—and in the appendix even a sketch of the quantitative—analyses, so far as can be understood by students. It also treats the question of humus, organic matters and nitrogen fixation, as well as that of the effect of climate on the soil and its fertility, to which is devoted an important chapter.

Although the statements are generally based on scientific facts, the writer sets aside as much as possible the pure science which would make the book unnecessarily hard, and keeps to the practical side, so that after studying the experiments referred to the question of plant food becomes quite intelligible. The value of Professor Russell's book will be understood when one reflects that plant food is really the base of agriculture. From plants stock is fed, and from the products of the stock (meat, work, milk, etc.) the profits of the farm are derived. The analysis of the soil is another very important point to which sufficient importance is not yet given, many people still holding the early view that it serves no purpose. This is evidently quite wrong, as practical experience has shown that adapted soil analysis does assist the farmer directly by giving him precise information about those constituents of the soil available for plants. Humus, again, is a complicated question and is generally not sufficiently understood, although it is more important to English farmers than to others because of the large quantities of lime they often use. Nitrogen fixation must also be well considered. Where possible, alfalfa or clover or serradella should be grown more often as seeds, whenever it suits the rotation, because of the large quantity of nitrogen they extract from the air, by which the farm finally profits. The truly economical farm is one on which large quantities of leguminous plants are grown, because of the nitrogen which they give for nothing and the humus they supply to the soil. The second part, being an account of the control of the soil, considers the different kinds of cultivation—winter, spring and summer cultivation, as well as fallowing, sub-soiling and trenching. But the chapter on soil fertility, with tables of wheat and potato soils, etc., is perhaps the most important, although it does not seem to give importance enough to green manuring, which, in certain circumstances, can be of great value. The third part treats of manures, and makes a short but practical review of the different fertilisers actually in use, although according perhaps too much importance to compound and not enough to potassic manures. Altogether a reliable book, containing many practical hints.



10.—JOHN ASHBURNHAM'S TOMB IN THE CHURCH.

THE OLD "FORTY-THIRD" AND "FIFTY-SECOND."

A REVIEW BY CAPTAIN SIR GEORGE ARTHUR, BART., M.V.O.

The Story of the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry; the old 43rd and 52nd Regiments, by Sir Henry Newbolt. (Offices of COUNTRY LIFE, 6s. net.)

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT—for a reason sufficiently apparent in the Roll of Honour appended to this volume—has an intimate personal interest in the distinguished regiment whose story he narrates. That, naturally, is all to the good of the book. With so inspiring a theme entrusted to a hand so competent to do it justice this book arouses great expectations. But the reader will not be disappointed. Alike as a regimental history and as a piece of English literature it is everything that it should be. Both in substance and in style it is worthy of the author at his best.

The 1st and the 2nd Battalions of The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry are the old 43rd and 52nd regiments of the line, raised, one in 1741, the other in 1755. Both, as their history shows, distinguished themselves beyond almost any others in our military annals. Their ultimate union in 1881 was foreshadowed from the outset. They both took part in 1774 in the American War, charging side by side at Bunker's Hill and serving together under Howe. In 1807 they were together at Copenhagen, but—most important of all—they marched and fought and won victories together in the Peninsula for seven years from 1808. On the other hand, the two have often served apart; the 43rd alone was at Quebec, and only the 52nd fought at Waterloo. During their first period of half a century the scene is laid, entirely for the one and partially for the other, in the New World. The 43rd from 1757 served against the French in Canada, in 1759 sharing in Wolfe's glorious capture of Quebec and in that of Montreal, and joining in the West Indian expedition and reduction of Havannah in 1762.

The 52nd, after ten years spent at home and nine in Canada, were with the 43rd at Boston in 1774 until ordered home in 1778. The 43rd, three years later, formed part of Cornwallis's force of 5,000 men who, after a heroic defence, surrendered at York Town to an army of 13,000 Americans and 9,000 French. In 1782 the 43rd received the title of The Monmouthshire Regiment, and the 52nd that of The Oxfordshire Regiment. The latter, after a fifteen years' service in the East Indies—sharing in the war with Tippoo Sahib and the battle of Seringapatam—returned to England in 1798; while the former were from 1793 to 1795 in the West Indies fighting the French and the fever. After two years' recruiting at home they once more sailed for Martinique in 1797, and were absent till 1800.

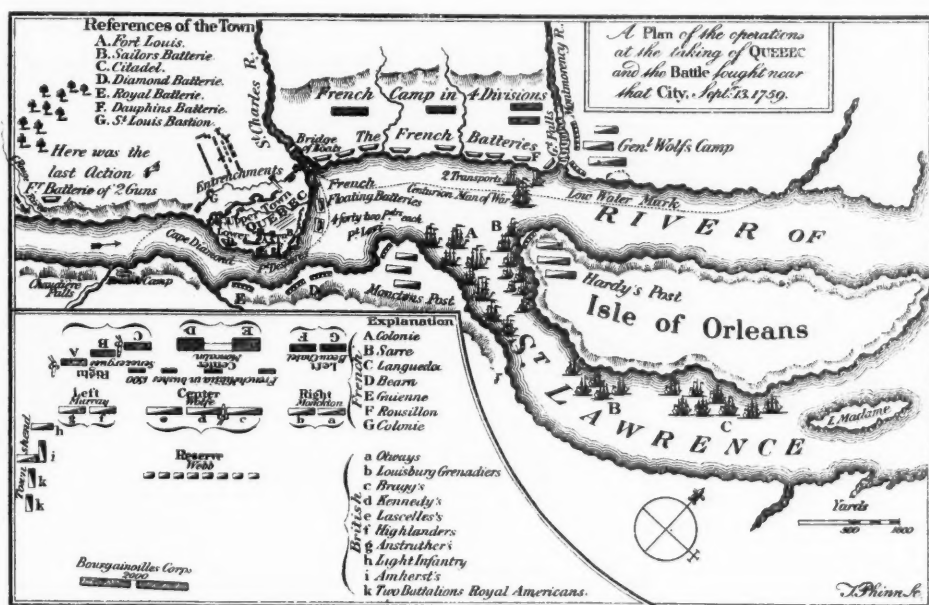


A PRIVATE OF THE FORTY-THIRD, 1742.

(Reproduced from one of the coloured plates.)

With the opening of the new century the two regiments entered on their true vocation as Light Infantry. The great name of Sir John Moore, after a century's undeserved neglect, has of recent years been set in its right place in the

very front rank of great British commanders. In this book just homage is done to the honoured memory of the man who raised the 43rd and 52nd to the pinnacle of efficiency which they attained. It is true that the fundamental idea of selecting a number of expert and trustworthy troops and attaching them to the several regiments for tasks demanding great mobility and accurate firing did not originate with Sir John Moore, nor yet the further expedient of amalgamating them into special regiments. The system had, in fact, been carried out in both its forms for cavalry and infantry. For more than a century before their reconstitution as regiments the troops of Life Guards were strengthened by Horse Grenadiers, who were



PHINN'S PLAN OF QUEBEC.

afterwards collected into troops of their own. Their functions, besides the throwing of hand grenades, may be briefly described as resembling those of mounted infantry. Dragoons had a similar origin. So in the infantry regiments. The two battalions of British Grenadiers who fought so well at Warburg in 1760 were formed by the amalgamation of a number of grenadiers previously attached to individual regiments.

To Sir John Moore belongs the credit of having carried this system out more thoroughly and developed it to a higher point of efficiency than had hitherto been known, especially in the matter of expert marksmanship. It is of interest to note, by the way, the sagacity with which Moore's views were approved and their author encouraged by the Duke of York, whose reputation as a brave soldier and a really great commander-in-chief has still to be rescued from unmerited oblivion. Moore's ideal light infantry were men picked for their activity and intelligence to perform complex duties as sharpshooters and to manœuvre with "celerity and expertness," and also to have the cohesion of a "firm battalion."

In 1801 Moore became colonel of the 52nd, constituted in 1803 with the 95th Rifles, and three other regiments, as a light infantry brigade, in which the 43rd, brought over from Guernsey, were shortly incorporated. This was the beginning of a new and splendid phase in their career. In a few years, as their annalist observes, they raised themselves from excellency to immortality, and gained not merely a place of fame but a place apart in the history of their country: "Six years of warfare," said Napier, "could not detect a flaw in their system, nor were they ever matched in courage or skill. These three regiments—the [95th] Rifles were the third—were avowedly the best that England ever had under arms."

The justification of this verdict will be found in the vivid narrative of the long-drawn struggle in the Peninsula. In 1804 2nd battalions were raised for both the 43rd and the 52nd, and in 1806 the Light Brigade took part in the Copenhagen Expedition. Their 2nd battalions were already in Portugal when the two 1st battalions arrived. In 1808, after Vímiera, at which the 43rd's 2nd battalion made a brilliant charge, came Moore's masterly retreat on Corunna, ending in his death in the hour of victory, the Light Brigade doing good service throughout. Their exploits under Wellington in 1809 when, strengthened by Portuguese troops, they constituted "the immortal Light Division" which fought at Busaco and Sabugal are luminously

explained with the aid of excellent battle-plans and with just the right amount of "background" and of detail. How, in 1812, with Colborne in command of the 52nd, they plucked fresh laurels at Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz and Salamanca; again in the following year at Vittoria, in the Pyrenees and at San Sebastian; and once more in 1814 against Soult at Orthez and Toulouse—stands also recorded here with equal skill and spirit.

No wonder that at Waterloo poor Wellington bewailed the fate that had exchanged so many of his Peninsula veterans for young troops, brave indeed but raw. No wonder, either, that, as tradition has it, at a critical moment the Duke by sheer force of habit bade, "Send for the 43rd," who, returning home after twelve months' service in America, were that very day hastening to reach their old commander—to find, alas, on their arrival that they were just a few hours too late! Yet, though the 43rd were out of reach, Wellington had with him his trusty 52nd, and well did he utilise its prowess. The excellence of Sir Henry Newbolt's general account of Waterloo is a notable feature of his book. He has been particularly successful in unravelling what might be termed the time-table of the battle, and in describing the exact sequence of the episodes in that memorable drama. He rightly devotes most space to the action of the 52nd, when, pivoting on its left, it attacked and

finally turned the scale of victory. The heroism of the 43rd, who on board the wrecked *Birkenhead* deliberately gave their lives to save the lives of others; the share of the two regiments in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny, the 43rd marching through Central India, and the 52nd assisting in the storming of Delhi; the linking of the two as The Oxfordshire Light Infantry; the engagement of the 52nd in the arduous Tirah campaign of 1897; and the participation of the 43rd in the Boer War—these are some of the principal way-marks on the road of their career up to the eventful date of August, 1914.

The final chapter is as complete an account as we are ever likely to obtain of the tremendous experiences within a limited area during a given period of a single unit in a struggle of millions of men spread over hundreds of miles. We are shown enough to assure us that even in this kaleidoscopic welter of violence the spirit of the old 52nd burns clear and bright and steady as ever. The doings of the 43rd, fighting at a later period in another theatre, as also of the Territorial and Service Battalions, are perforce reserved to be told in the future. To-day the old 43rd



JOHN COLBORNE AS A YOUNG MAN.



A PRIVATE OF THE FIFTY-SECOND
(Reproduced from one of the coloured plates.)

and 52nd are actually the first line of an Imperial force numbering ten battalions in the British Army, and two allied regiments in Canada and New Zealand. In the 52nd alone the first year of the war shows a total of sixty-three casualties among the officers—of whom nineteen are killed—or about

double the number of officers who went out with the battalion to France. As an eye-witness said of the first battle of Ypres, where the 52nd so greatly distinguished itself: "The most critical task fell to the British troops. The steady old regiments of the line revealed their ancient endurance."

LITERATURE.

THINGS OF THE SPIRIT.

ABOUT sixty years ago Algernon Swinburne, then a young man of twenty-six and in the early but full bloom of his genius, published a book containing the most famous of his lyrics, that in which with pride, passion, disdain and pity he sang of the weeping and laughter the loathing and love with which the high gods fashioned the holy spirit of man. To-day the Laureate essays the same task, but by a vastly different method. From his wide store of reading he has strung, like beads on a string, passages from poets and philosophers bearing on his theme, making their thoughts for the nonce his own and building a palace with their bricks. He named this edifice "The Spirit of Man," and the book is published by Longmans, Green and Co. But there are indications of his having been conscious that he set out to do one thing and achieved something quite different. The book is not less, but more interesting, because it is no portrayal of the spirit of man, but a record of the compiler's "honest likings." We feel, after reading it, as though we had been personally conducted through the library of Mr. Robert Bridges, and that the Laureate had picked up a volume here and a volume there and read his favourite passages. Most delightful is it to find that the accomplished scholar and poet treasures what we also treasure. Yet he neglects much that others prize. It is impossible not to be struck by the omissions. He is modestly apologetic for having included one of his own pieces, "and this is in a classical metre." Those who know and love his best work will agree that without appreciable loss it might have been omitted, while a dozen of "R. B.'s" real contributions to poetic literature might be placed with the best. But another "R. B.," he who wrote, "Not on the vulgar mass called work shall sentence pass," is altogether ignored, and a third and still more illustrious "R. B." is represented only by the scrap—

Wha does the utmost that he can
Will whyles do mair.

The existence of Swinburne is ignored, so is that of William Morris, while Tennyson is called upon to contribute only an extract from the "Lotos Eaters" and two well known passages from his earlier poems. One would like for curiosity's sake to know why Mr. Bridges left out

When the dumb hour clothed with black
Brings the dreams about my bed.

Surely this is a thing of the spirit, and the technique which can, in these brief but pregnant opening lines, grasp and hold the reader is that of a master and creator compared to a skilled artificer or mechanic in rhyme and metre. There is, too, a reality about the old man's vision which is not in the "Lotos Eaters." That after all is but an expansion of another poet's inspired thought.

We were extremely disappointed to find that although Shakespeare is freely and finely quoted, "Fear no more the heat of the sun" is left out because there the poet attains a peak higher than any "misty mountain top" of his imagination. Humanity itself wails in that piping, it is the dirge of Everyman. But his taste is ever swayed more to verse as a plastic art than to it as an expression of the hopes and doubts and terrors of "the poor inhabitant below." He is more interested in the fantastic though exquisite beauties of Blake, or the soarings of Shelley, than in the intense humanity of Burns. And at times the prepossession leads to the few errors of taste and judgment in the book. It has tempted him to print not only many of the exquisite poems of Keats but the "Meg Merrilees," as near an approach to rubbish as Keats ever perpetrated. It has also induced him to prefer Renan's couplet version of the end of the third chapter of Job. The French language possesses merit denied ours. It is better suited to many forms of expression. But for a theme like this the language of the authorised version has no peer. We quote the French and below it the English for comparison.

Pourquoi la lumière est-elle donnée au malheureux,
Et la vie à ceux dont l'âme est pleine d'amertume,
Qui attendent la mort, sans que la mort vienne,
Qui la cherchent plus ardemment qu'un trésor,
Qui sont heureux jusqu'à en tressaillir,
Et se réjouissent, quand ils ont trouvé le tombeau;
A l'homme dont la route est couverte de ténèbres,
Et que Dieu a entouré d'un cercle fatal?
Mes soupirs sont devenus comme mon pain,
Et mes gémissements se répandent comme l'eau;
A peine conçois-je une crainte qu'elle se réalise;
Tous les malheurs que je redoute fondent sur moi.
Plus de sécurité, plus de repos, plus de paix!
Sans cesse de nouveaux tourments!

Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul.
Which long for death, but it cometh not; and dig for it more than for hid treasures;
Which rejoice exceedingly, and are glad, when they can find the grave?
Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in?
For my sighing cometh before I eat, and my roarings are poured out like the waters.
For the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me.
I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet; yet trouble came.

At a time like this, when the hearts of men and women are suffering pangs of doubt, apprehension, grief and uncertainty, the Book of Books might have been more freely quoted from. Next to it for their plain straightforward expression of the primal emotions we would place the ballads, the most poignant of which have found no favour in the eyes of the Laureate.

"Oh Martinus winds when will you blow
And shake the green leaves from the tree

"Nae living man I'll love again
Since that my lovely knight is slain.
Wi ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for evermair.

"And lang lang may the maidens sit
Wi their goud kaims in their hair
A waiting for their ain dear loves
For them they'll see nae mair."

Those whom war has divested of all but the essentials of life cannot but recognise a kinship with these appealing voices of the past.

Much might be added in regard to the fresh pleading voices of the living and young. Only a very small proportion of them appear to find grace in the Laureate's eyes. If the pieces which have been used in previous collections and therefore may be said to have won time's verdict were excluded, there would be left a thin little volume of contemporary work and it would not include anything of Mr. Kipling, Sir Henry Newbolt and Walter de la Mare, to name but these, while Mr. Masfield, Mr. Dolben and Rupert Brooke appeal strongly to the Editor. The French pieces are chosen with great care and taste. In the prose there is a vast number of translations, while the great English prose writers are practically ignored, even Sir Thomas Browne. But if every man set down his "honest likings" only there would be strange omissions at which to cavil.

Burke's Peerage, etc., 1916. (Harrison and Sons.)

THE publication of the new "Burke" was purposely delayed in order that the records for 1915 might be made as complete as possible. That the book has been brought up to date as far as the exigencies of publication at all will allow is obvious from the fact that it notes a succession occurring so late as December 21st, and includes the pedigree of Viscount French of Ypres and of Lord Wharton that is to be. A number of other recent facts and dates are included in the text, which the publishers claim do not appear in any other peerage.



CATTARO & ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

By F. HAMILTON JACKSON.

[At the present moment the centre of interest in the Eastern front has shifted to Cattaro. It is an Austrian naval base that ought to have been attacked and destroyed by the Allied Fleet at an early stage in the war, because the mastery of the seas cannot be completely established in the Mediterranean until the Austrian fleet is cleared out of the Adriatic. It would have been, no doubt, a difficult and arduous task, but it would not have been so desperate as the adventure in the Peninsula of Gallipoli. Now it is too late. Poor little Montenegro, after the storming of Mount Lovtchen, had no alternative except that of asking for an armistice. The bravest army of 50,000 could not fight millions. After Mount Lovtchen was carried the end was inevitable.]

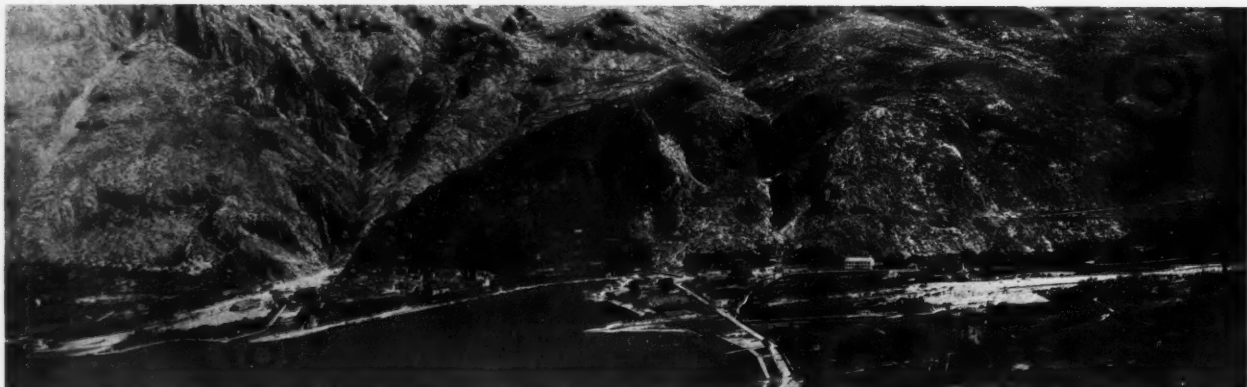
THE Bocche di Cattaro forms a splendid land-locked harbour overlooked by mountain slopes, rising directly from the water and culminating towards Cattaro in Mount Lovtchen. To its possessor Cattaro and Cetinje are secure, while Scutari is easily assailable. A stone column marks the border of the Austrian Empire in this direction, a little south of Spizza (as it used to be), to which telegraphic wires are attached, belonging respectively to Austria and Montenegro. At Prevlacca, near Punta d'Osho, are remains of antique walls, thought by some to be those of the walls of the ancient Epidaurus, by some who consider that to have been at the gates of the "Sinus Rhizonicus." Most authorities agree in placing it at Ragusa Vecchia. There was a road in Roman times from Aquileia to Durazzo. It passed by Epidaurus, along the Sutomia valley to Castelnuovo, from which it turned to Risano, Perasto, Orobrova, Dobrota and Ascrivium (now

Cattaro). Rizinum was a Roman colony. Above Risano are two strong fortresses and numerous blockhouses. The revolt against conscription of 500 Crivosicians who lived on the slopes of inaccessible mountains necessitated the erection of these, and a white line some 3,000 feet high, the military road between Perasto and Cattaro, marks the way of access to them. The revolt required the mobilisation of a whole *corps d'armée* to suppress it.

The "Bocche" consist of several narrow canals of water, surrounded by lofty mountains rising almost directly from the water's edge, between which lie broad expanses of water, producing very fine scenery. The first of the narrows leads into the bay of Topla and the steamer heads directly for Castelnuovo, leaving on the left the Sutomia, a portion of Ragusan territory ceded to Turkey in 1699 to form a buffer between herself and Venice. The town was founded in 1373 by the Bosnian King Tvarko I. Kokomanovic. In



MOUNT LOVTCHEN.



WEST SIDE OF THE TOWN NESTLING AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT LOVTCHEN.

1538 the Spaniards built the fort crowning the hill to the north, now split up a good deal, but the splits are partly concealed by ivy. It was the only part of Dalmatia held by the Spaniards.

Perasto is the one city which remained faithful to Venice, even after Campo Formio. When the Austrian troops came to take possession it is touching to record that the Gonfalon, only consigned to the army in maritime and land enterprises in the Levant, was buried beneath the altar of S. Nicolo with a solemn requiem, as if for the burial of a father. It had been confided to the Perastines by the Republic almost four centuries before for their faithful services, when Venice distinguished the city with the title of "fedelissima gonfaloniera."

In the early morning the sardine boats may be seen coming in. At night they produce a most brilliant light with a strange apparatus on the bow, served by acetylene. Along the coast road; red and white oleanders mingle; orange and lemon trees, ancient figs and chestnuts, olives, pomegranates and many beautiful flowers, lovely in form and colour and strange to the English eye. On both sides of the water the road runs a little way back from the shore, dipping occasionally into masses of olive or edged with lovely pale mauve irises. Dobrota, on the left, has a bastion encroaching on the road, with church and campanile just behind it, and opposite, Perzagno picturesquely occupies a promontory, with unfinished domed church and huddled houses. The lofty Lovtchen towers above Cattaro to the height of 5,770ft. On it the great Wladika Pietro, the singer of the Serbian redemption, chose to be buried, deeming it a lofty spot from which his spirit might watch and protect the land to which he chose to devote his life, and every year a pilgrimage still climbs to the white-walled little chapel sparkling on the dark hillside.

Cattaro lies at the extreme south of the "Bocche," thirteen miles from the entrance between the Punta d'Ostro and the Punta d'Arza. Both of these are fortified, and the channel has been further defended since 1897 by the little fort Mamola upon the rock, Rondoni in the channel. The bay was known to the ancients as "Sinus Rhizonicus," Rhizon being the modern Risano, at the end of the northern arm. The inhabitants, the Rhizuniti, were under Roman protection from 168 B.C., and were therefore given privileges when the Romans took possession, by which they escaped all public burdens. Objects of the Bronze Age and sepulchral stones and altars of strange and un-Roman form have been found at Risano and in its neighbourhood. The division of the country between Serbs and Croats dates from the time of Heraclius, who handed it over to them in 639 A.D., after an inroad of the Huns (in which they destroyed Risano, like Salona and Epidaurus) reserving the important coast towns,



MONTENEGRINS AT CATTARO.



AN ANCIENT WELL, CATTARO.

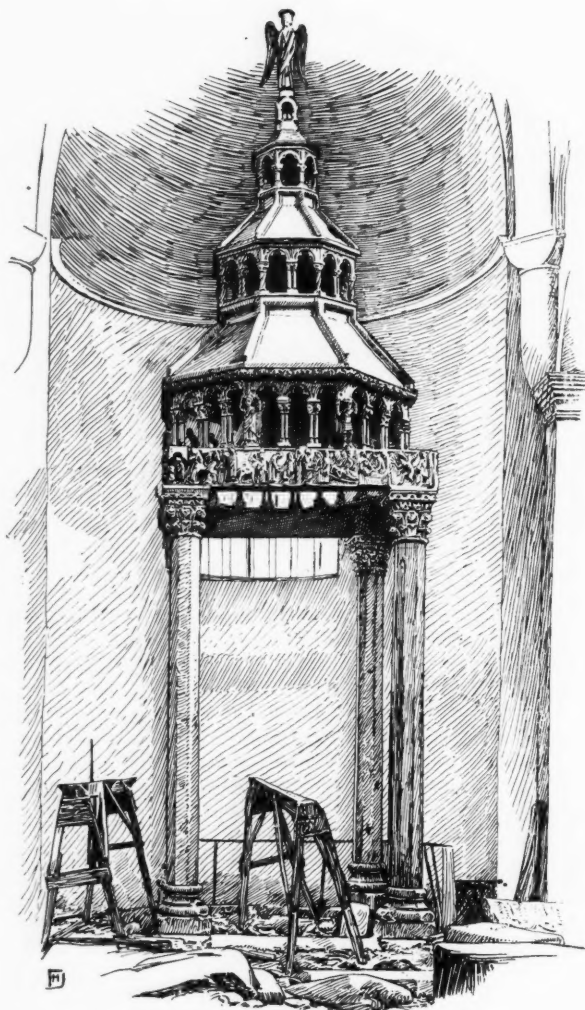
however, for himself. It was burnt by the Saracens in 867 A.D. The first certain ecclesiastical date occurs in 877 A.D. Then the ancient rights of Salona were divided with Spalato, and it was enacted that Cattaro and Budua should be suffragan to Dioclea. In 1023 a disaster occurred which the sailors have never forgotten. The Bishop of Cattaro went with those of Dulcigno, Antivari and Suacia to attend a council called by the Metropolitan of Salona, and were all drowned at Bacile, near Torcole, twelve miles from Lesina. The Cattarines therefore asked for transference to the archdiocese of Antivari. The town has about 2,000 inhabitants, many of whom are Italian immigrants, part are Albanians and Montenegrins, and subalterns who have married and settled here are of Austrian nationality. It is surrounded by walls which ascend the hill in zigzags, and is entered by gates which one cannot think likely to be of much use in modern warfare. Of course, the varied costumes, some very fine, some in all degrees of dilapidation, add much picturesqueness to the scene. To reach Montenegro one has to ascend a road with no fewer than sixty-six zigzags cut in the face of the rock, so steep as to look in places almost as if one could drop a stone into the sea thousands of feet below.

On the road Montenegrins are met, the man on mule back, the woman on foot carrying a load, and neither of them would consent to change their positions. The costume is picturesque. The men wear a waistcoat with sash round the waist and full breeches, over all a thick whitish wool coat (though the sash is

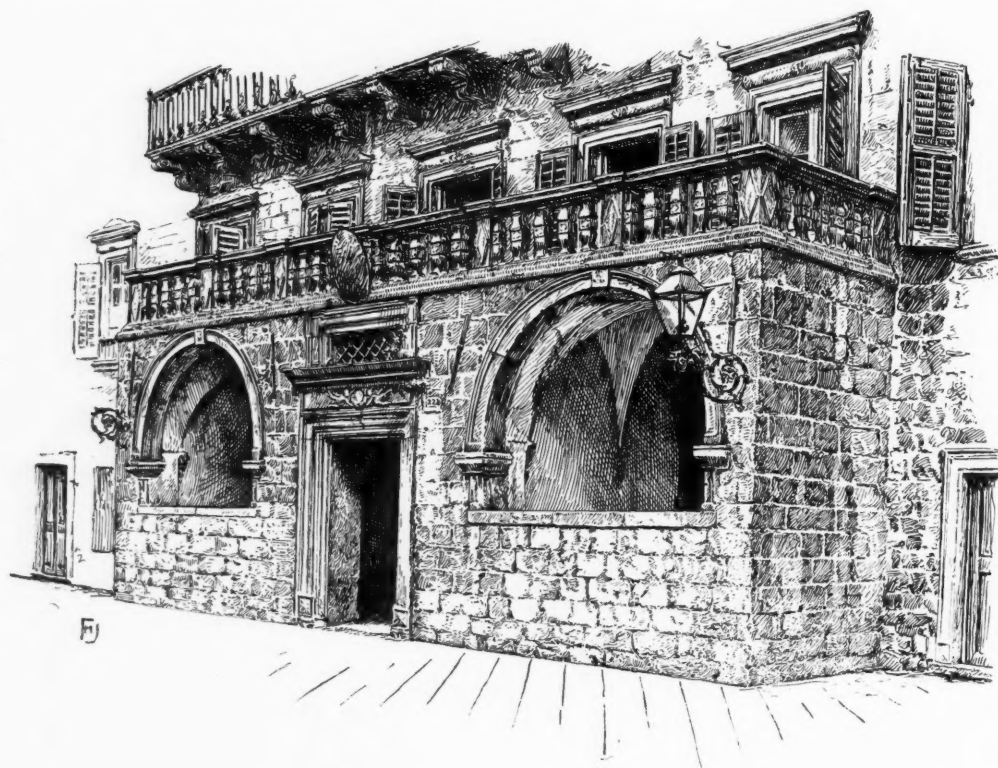
sometimes girded over it), and frequently a long scarf thrown over one shoulder and leggings of the usual raw hide. On the head is a black silk cap with magenta centre embroidered with gold thread. The women wear a kind of jacket covered with a coat of the same shape, but without sleeves and lighter. The cap is of similar shape, but with a handkerchief draped over it and hanging down at the back.

There was a certain inhabitant of Cattaro in the eighth and ninth centuries named Andreaccio, who erected several fine buildings including the first cathedral of St. Trifone, which apparently was circular. While the body of this third century martyr was being brought from Asia Minor to Venice a storm obliged the merchants to seek shelter in the Bocche. Andreaccio and the magnates appear to have known of the precious cargo and paid 200 Roman solidi for the shrine and 100 Roman solidi for the crown above it. He was accepted as the patron saint of the city (for no self-respecting city was then without one), and his figure appears on the standard and also on certain coins which were named after him. The sarcophagus of Andreaccio was found in 1840 beneath the street between the bishop's palace and the cathedral, and a portion of the ciborium

bearing his name is encrusted in the wall of the sacristy. Most of the other important buildings are a combination of Romanesque and Renaissance details. One may mention specially St. Luka, the Greek church, and the Scuola Nautica. Over the Porta Marina the Venetian lion still appears.



CIBORIUM OF S. TRIFONE, CATTARO.



THE NAVAL SCHOOL, CATTARO.

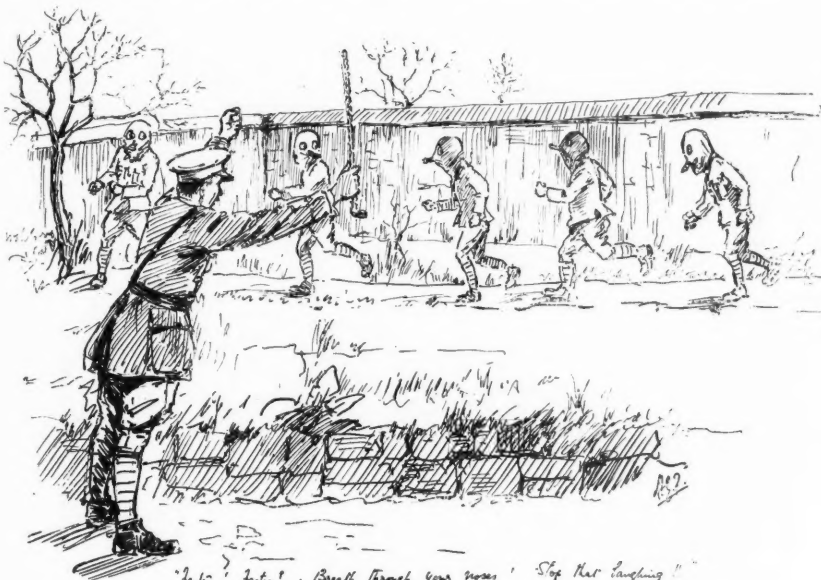
CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM A SUBALTERN, R.F.A.

[We reproduce, by the courtesy of one of our readers, another letter sent home by his son. Those who have read the previous communications will be glad to know that the subaltern has been promoted and is now a captain.—ED.]

I had occasion to go round to brigade headquarters this afternoon, and on my arrival heard a most terrific uproar in the kitchen garden. Proceeding to the scene of the cries I perceived a dozen or so perspiring and exasperated men doubling wearily round a path with their gas helmets on, while our orderly officer—an excitable little Frenchman—stamped and fumed in the middle. "Faster now! Double

still looking better than any in the brigade, but by hook or crook (chiefly the latter) we managed to get them out of the mud sooner than the other batteries, and, apart from one or two kicks and similar unavoidable injuries, have had surprisingly few cases of sickness, partly, I



"Faster! Faster! Breathe through your noses! Stop that laughing!"
—Brigade Headquarters at Gas-Drill under the Orderly Officer

up there! Breathe through your noses! Don't laugh at me!" I asked him if he was rehearsing for a cinema, but he was much too excited to take any notice, and merely exhorted them with many gestures to greater and more glorious efforts. Finally, I became so exhausted with laughing that I was forced to retire, and through the back door I could hear: "Why don't you breathe through your nose? If you laugh at me, I put you under arrest!" Interludes like these make life worth living. I discovered subsequently that the instigator of these proceedings was —, who had been pulling the orderly officer's leg about the slackness of the gas helmet drill at headquarters, and maintaining that it was no use just letting them sit down and loaf about, but that they should be made to take violent exercise such as would be required in the event of a gas attack, all of which the orderly officer absorbed like a sponge. We had our first casualty this evening; one of C battery's guard on the horse lines, while pursuing a stray horse in the dark with his rifle in his hand, stumbled and managed to shoot himself in the foot. We heard the shot and tumbled out, to find the unfortunate sentry groaning in the mud. We lugged him up to our billet and I performed first aid, cleaned the wound with iodine and tied him up, while we sent for the doctor. I never thought my iodine wedding present would come in useful; it has done one Tommy a good turn, anyway. The — Corps is coming round to see our brick works to-morrow, so I am having my best bib and tucker polished up. I think our horses are

think, because none of ours has had a rug on it yet, while all other batteries have theirs rugged up by day as well as night. You never saw anything so furry and woolly in your life!

On Thursday our men are to be forcibly washed and their live stock taken away from them, but the Capt. is not going to set the example this time, he prefers his sponge down in a degenerate frying pan!

PONIES AS FOUNDATION STOCK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read "Trenton's" article with the greatest interest. I agree with his view of the importance of ponies as foundation stock for our light horses, and as to the benefits which these native ponies have transmitted to their descendants. All our leading breeds of light horses—the racehorse, the hunter, the hackney and the polo pony—can be traced back to pony foundation stock. These ponies, in their turn, probably represent the ancient

British horse, before the coming of the Romans forced the Britons to import bigger horses from the Belgæ, and before the British tribes received a fresh importation of Eastern blood from their Roman invaders. Professor Cossar Ewart shows that the average height of the native ponies used in the chariots was about 12h. 2in., which is, as readers will note, about the average height at the wither of our native breeds of ponies at the present day. There was then, and has always been, a considerable amount of pony blood in most English horses. There was afterwards a fresh infusion from the Irish hobbies, believed by many people to be represented by the Connemara ponies. There was in Roman times and for long afterwards (up to the days of the Godolphin) a steady infusion of Barb blood and, in a lesser degree, of Turkish blood. The Barb and the Arabian were of common origin, but the horses from Turkey and the Near East and the Levantine Royal mares of Charles II had a possibly larger or smaller infusion of the true desert blood. Lastly, there was the great horse, which also had some Eastern strains, and especially in those which came directly or indirectly to this country from Spain or Italy. From a blend of these breeds was formed the English mares. This prepared the English horses to receive and profit by the strain of pure



desert blood which the Darley Arabian brought to England. "Trenton" will recognise at once how with so much Eastern blood the Darley Arabian fulfilled the requirements of a theory of breeding which I think both he and I hold strongly; and that the Darley Arabian gave back to the English mares a strain of the best blood that was in them. But the Darley also nicked with the pony blood, for "Trenton" will note that the Darley Arabian's grandson was Squirt (sire of Marske), an animal of pony size. Squirt's sire was Bartlett's Childers, and his dam sister to Old Country Wench, a Galloway of pony size and pony blood. When I assisted the late Lord Arthur Cecil to draft the report, afterwards accepted by the Board of Agriculture and reprinted in the Stud Books of the National Pony Society and the New Forest Association, I went very carefully into the amount of pony blood in the thoroughbred, the hunter, and the polo pony, and the results are worked out in detail in the report which will be found in Vol. XII of the National Pony Stud Book. I found that we had arrived practically at the same conclusions as had already been suggested by Mr. Theodore Cook, Mr. Joseph Osborne and Mr. G. S. Lowe. On page 22, "Trenton" will find that the pony blood in New Oswestry, St. Galmier and Zoedone, and several other hunter sires and dams, is traced. I believe that the conclusions of the report were generally accepted, and at least suggested some of the measures for the improvement of native ponies undertaken by the Board of Agriculture. My own view is much the same as "Trenton's," that the pony element is often, not always, latent, for reversion to pony type, size and character are frequent, and this because what the pony gives is the mental (this expression is awkward, but I can find no better) rather than physical qualities. I may add that the pony is formed by the wild, open life of the herds on our mountains and moorlands. The thoroughbred is a fixed breed for good and all, but the inflow of pony blood into the hunters and polo ponies, or more generally into the half-bred horses of England, still continues. Once more, to show how the English thoroughbred reverts to its original sources, I would ask "Trenton" to look at the useful series of portraits of famous horses in Sir Humphrey de Trafford's "Horses of the British Empire," Vol. I, plates 4, 5 and 6. Is not Emilius a reversion to the pure Arabian type, Gohanna to the great horse, and Orville to pony? In character, indeed, the last named might almost stand for a Welsh pony stallion. No doubt "Trenton's" experience will suggest many other instances of similar reversion.—T. F. DALE.

THE ADVANTAGES OF CULTIVATING SUGAR BEET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have to thank you for your courtesy in sending me a proof of the article on sugar beet. There are one or two points I should like to correct. In the first place the committee, of which I am chairman, deprecate the growing of plots haphazard up and down the country, as the maximum benefit is only obtained within a comparatively small radius of the factory. When grown at great distances the proportion of profit absorbed by railway carriage is very large, but the committee have appealed to landowners to allow plots to be grown on their home farms, so that gradually the knowledge of the crop may be spread. I am fully of your opinion that the feeding value of this crop has not hitherto been fully appreciated in this country. I would further say that the committee do not propose proceeding with any attempts to raise capital to erect a factory during the war, but after the conclusion of the war they have reason to believe that the capital required for a factory—roughly £300,000—can be obtained through two sources, provided the contracts with firms to grow beet on an area of 4,000 acres to 5,000 acres over a period of five years can be obtained. For a farmer to bind himself to grow in a considerable crop, say, from 10 acres to 50 acres, without previous experience of the crop would be rather a risky proceeding; therefore it is desirable that knowledge of the crop should be widely spread. The building of a sugar factory in your article is stated to require from £40,000 to £50,000. We have gone very carefully into this matter, and apart from land, railway sidings, roads, etc., the money for erecting the factory, capable of dealing with from 500 tons to 550 tons per day, would be not less than £120,000. There are many other points of interest I should like to point out, such as feeding value of pulp residue, labour organisation, employment, as in America, of motor tractors for hauling roots and subsequently for cultivating land, but I will not burden you with these now.—E. FESTUS KELLY.

FANCY AND FACT IN SONG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I must tell you a curious little story of Mrs. Jacob's poem, "The Last of the Tinkler." Billie is mad on her just now and keeps your anthology on a shelf ready for his own solace or to read to any chance comer whose tastes lie that way. Well, there is a man comes about occasionally who looks to be a superior sort of outdoor workman. He is quite illiterate, but a great reader of Burns. A chance allusion to Rab caused Billie to say, "I've got the finest Scots poem here since Burns, it's about a tinkler and I'll read it to you." "O aye," replied the man, "that'll be Vilet Jacob." "What," exclaimed Billie, "do you know Vilet Jacob?" "Fine that," he answered, "auld Vi Jacob used to gang aboot wi' her caravan and her man when I was a laddie." This muddled Billie completely, for he had not so far mentioned the name of the author. At last he said, "It must be another Vilet Jacob, but I'll read you the poem." This he did, and a side incident is that when he came to the last line he never got it read, for the man said, "The end's aye the best." Bill showed him the name and he remarked, "O aye, she maun ha' written it about hersel' and her man." Now wasn't that strange to think that there was a Vilet Jacob lived in a tent with mate and dog all exactly as Mrs. Jacob writes, and the name was exactly the same? He repeated it over and over "Vilet" Jacob. I thought perhaps Mrs. Jacob would be interested to know of her vagrant namesake.—A.

[The writer of this letter is a personal friend of the Editor and, strange as this coincidence is, the account must be accepted as absolutely trustworthy.—ED.]

HOME-MADE BREAD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The desire for bread that will keep sweet and fresh to send to the prisoners of war in Germany has produced various new forms of our staple food which have proved successful, and one wonders why, now that bread has risen so much in price, the home-made loaf does not make a more frequent appearance on our own tables at the present time. Home-made bread keeps much longer than that of the ordinary baker, and this in itself is an economy. Pieces that are fresh and sweet can be eaten up, but who cares for the stale end of the bought loaf? Possibly, too, in the near future we may have to fetch and carry home our bread from the shops, so I give you two recipes that may come in handy for anyone who is contemplating this wise and economical form of household industry. Often a kind of cake-bread is a pleasing change to many, and if a little extra sugar, currants, and sultanas or caraway seeds be worked into the first recipe given it will make a nice variety: Home-made English Bread (made in bread pail and kneader).—2oz. yeast to 8½lb. household flour; 4 pints liquid (water), including half pint of milk (warm). Mix the yeast with half pint of warm liquid and add to it half teaspoonful salt, one dessertspoonful caster sugar and one sprinkle of pepper. Put into pan one heaped dessertspoonful of lard, one teaspoonful of salt, and the rest of the warm milk and water. Put the flour last; cover the bread pail, and turn kneader for ten minutes only. Put the pail by the fire, out of draught, to rise; it should do so half way, or more, up the pail. Then put the dough on the board and cut to size. Place in warm tins (quarter full) and prick with fork. Place in bottom of the oven for half an hour, then put on the upper shelf to finish baking. Salt-rising Bread (Canadian). This is a valuable recipe where yeast is not obtainable.—One pint of water (90deg. temperature and not hotter), and stir up a thick batter, adding one teaspoonful of salt, and beating thoroughly. Set the pan in a bowl of warm water, and in two to four hours it will begin to rise. The rising will be much more certain if coarse flour is used. When the rising is nearly light enough, take one pint of milk and one pint of boiling water, mix these with about 5lb. of flour in the bread pan, and when it has become milk warm, stir in the rising. (This is the sponge.) Sponge thus made, will be light in from two to four hours, if set in a warm place. (Milk is not essential.) Make up into loaves and bake. Both these recipes are suitable for an ordinary oven.—H. A'C. PENRUDDOCKE.

A LARGE CEDAR AT TICHMARSH RECTORY, NORTHANTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Replying to the letter of your correspondent, Mr. Walker, with regard to the age of the Tichmarsh cedar, Professor Saintsbury, in his book on Dryden in the "English Men of Letters" series, states that it was planted two years before the birth of Dryden in 1631. The author of Murray's "Northamptonshire" gives the date of planting as 1627, the tree being then twenty years old.—F. W. NEALE.

"SCROUGH."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE of January 8th, under "Correspondence," "A. H." in his letter, "Seagulls as Weather Prophets," makes use of an Isle of Wight expression, "Scrough" weather. I wonder if any of your readers could give information as to the origin of the word "Scrough." Personally, I have never heard the word used outside the Isle of Wight. Thanking you in anticipation.—P. H. W.

THE WALPOLE SOCIETY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your Christmas Number you published some delightful photographs of details of Cotswold Sculpture, and your correspondent, Mr. Laurence A. Turner, suggests that a society might be formed to photograph and publish some of the fine work by English sculptors which is hidden away in the churches of this country. May I venture to inform you that a society is already in existence which has already devoted a good deal of money and energy to this object? The Walpole Society was founded in 1911 to promote the study of the history of all branches of English art. In its first volume an excellent "Sketch of English Mediaeval Figure Sculpture," by Professor Edward S. Prior, illustrated by nearly forty photographs, specially taken by Mr. Arthur Gardner, was published. Our last volume contained a valuable article on "Animals in English Wood Carvings," by Mr. G. C. Druce, illustrated by a large number of perfectly delightful photographs, specially taken by the author in different cathedrals and churches. And we have in hand an exhaustive monograph on the work of Nicholas Stone, in which we intend to illustrate practically every known piece of work by this great English sculptor. Might I boldly suggest that it would be rather a pity to start another society which would clash with the work an already existing society is trying to do? The Walpole Society was founded to try to interest people in our native art, and it was founded at a time when most people in this country thought that only foreign art—German, Italian, etc.—counted at all. It has already done much good work, and it could do a great deal more if it had more subscribers. Instead of starting another society, would it not be better to strengthen the one already existing? I may add that we have no working expenses and no paid servants, and that all our subscriptions are used for photographing and reproducing for our readers' benefit the best specimens of English sculpture, painting, etc. I send you a copy of our last annual volume, containing, among other things, the admirable article by Mr. Druce to which I have referred, and I trust that you may feel it a patriotic duty to help to make our society better known to your readers.—A. J. FINBERG.

[No doubt the promoters of the new Sculpture Illustration Society will take note of Mr. Finberg's suggestion, but we understand that its purpose will not clash with the admirable work of the Walpole Society, which we

are very glad to commend. The Walpole volume with its 140 pages and 101 plates includes 16 pages and 13 plates devoted to sculpture, and the rest to notable contributions on other arts. We are informed that the new society contemplated devoting its whole attention to illustrations of European sculpture, unaccompanied by critical text, and that they will be chosen with especial intent to show the development of different subjects and motifs.—Ed.]

THE ARCHITECTS OF WELLINGTON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Not only the old boys of Wellington will have been interested in Mr. J. L. Bevir's delightful article on their great public school, which you published on December 18th, but I have a small complaint to make. It is that he did not tell us the names of the architects who designed the school buildings.—A.R.I.B.A.

[The first architect so employed was John Shaw, who died in 1870. He is not to be confused with the other John Shaw, his father, or with Henry Shaw, who made many drawings of Elizabethan buildings, etc., rather in the manner of Nash's "Mansions." Shaw intended that the Chapel at Wellington should stand on the site of the present library, but in 1863 Sir Gilbert Scott was called in to build it. He took the type of the Sainte Chapelle as his model, but the building was too long for its width. In 1882 the north aisle was built, and when Archbishop Benson died in 1896, the Benson aisle was built as a memorial to him, and greatly improved the Chapel. The dining hall was designed in 1905 by Mr., now Captain, Charles J. Blomfield.—Ed.]

"MOTORS IN AGRICULTURE."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In describing the illustration of the motor plough in your last issue you point out that the engine runs with the driving wheel in the furrow, so that the ground unploughed is not "packed" by the weight of the engine. No doubt this is to the good, but is there not an evil also to be thought of, viz., the formation of a "pan" by the heavy pressure on the furrow? Would it not therefore be necessary to have grubbers attached to the rear of the plough to loosen the bottom of the furrow to the depth of several inches and so break up the pans formed by the passage of the heavy wheel. I am not a farmer and I may be wrong; if so, I apologise for troubling you.—F. W. JOLLYE.

[Our correspondent's contention is a very reasonable one. In point of fact, the advantages and disadvantages of running with one wheel in the furrow are recognised in principle, but there is no exact information as to their relative practical importance. Much evidently depends upon the weight of the tractor or ploughing machine, and the area over which this weight is distributed. Thus, the Wyles plough, which runs with one wheel in the furrow, is quite a light implement. The Martin, which is also light, comprises the additional precaution of having chain tracks in place of the driving wheels. In this way, the weight is distributed over a very large area, and the intensity of compression must be extremely low. We are not aware of the exact weight of the tractor to which our correspondent's criticism directly refers, but we are under the impression that it is a fairly heavy machine, and that at least on some classes of ground the objection he makes may be of real importance.—Ed.]

SEA BIRDS EGGS AS HUMAN FOOD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

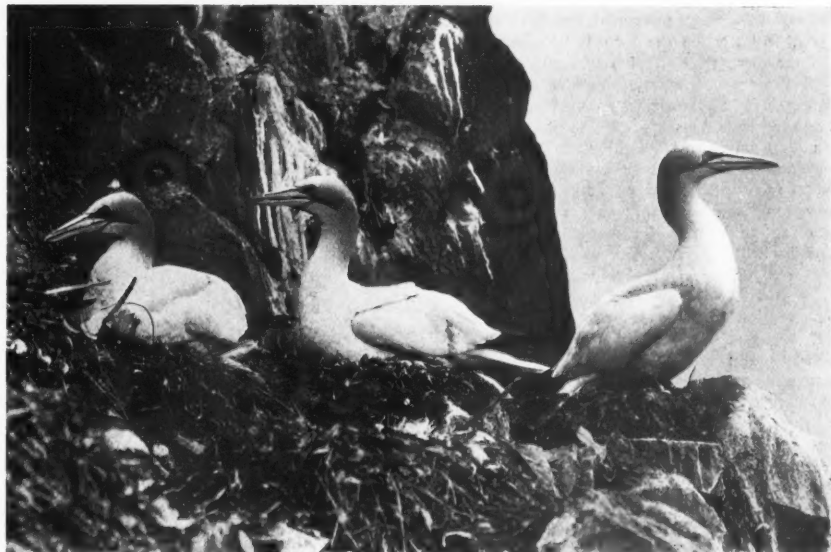
SIR,—Last year the housekeeper found the egg problem an acute one; this year it bids fair to become even more serious. Much of our foreign supply has been cut off, while consumption, owing to the needs of the troops and the hospitals, has increased enormously. The price is rising and is likely to continue to rise with the price of poultry food. Now that spring will soon be upon us, may I venture to draw attention through your columns to one possible source of supply that has never been tapped? I refer to the eggs of certain sea birds. Not that for a moment I would urge indiscriminate robbing of all sea birds' nests year by year, but I do think that in the face of what is admittedly a serious domestic economic problem, some of our Wild Bird Protection Acts might be modified for the coming season "or for the duration of the war." Bird preservers may think this a dangerous policy, but by giving powers to the local authorities to license the taking of eggs in certain definite areas for a certain definite period it could easily be controlled. The most important birds in this connection are the lesser black-backed gull (*Larus j. affinis*), the black-headed gull (*Larus redibundus*), the guillemot (*Uria troile*), and the razorbill (*Alca torda*), the puffin (*Fratercula artica*), and the gannet (*Sola bassiana*). The fulmar (*Fulmarus glacialis*), though its eggs have been taken by the St. Kildans for some hundreds of years, is hardly worth discussing here. The puffin, razorbill, and guillemot generally breed in inaccessible places, but there is no reason why in some cases their eggs should not be taken where local conditions are favourable. The gannet's egg has never been of so much commercial importance as the nestling, but we have the authority of Mr. J. H. Gurney for believing that it is palatable. In places such as the Scillies, the eggs of its ally, the

cormorant, might be taken with those of the gulls. As regards the gulls, the whole race are a predaceous lot, and I do not think that it would do any harm to thin their clutches for a year; but the rarer species—the great black back, the common gull and the herring gull—generally breed in smaller and more scattered colonies, and would therefore probably escape spoliation altogether. The black-headed gull, and in some cases the lesser black back, must be considered. The former is the most important for the following reasons: It breeds in large societies, and its eggs can easily be obtained. It is the commonest of the gulls and the most widely distributed. It is a species that has so benefited by protection in the past that in some districts it has increased beyond all bounds, and the birds, pressed by the hunger induced by such severe competition, are reduced to robbing nests or working havoc in the harvest fields. A year's check would benefit rather than harm the species. It may be urged against the suggestion that if licence to take eggs over a certain area be granted, it would be impossible in practice to limit it to the eggs of one particular species, and that many scarce and interesting species would suffer with the gulls. But this could well be remedied by limiting such licence to a certain fixed period, which would, of course, vary locally. Gulls are as a rule early breeders, and there is no reason why they should not lose their first clutches early in May, before the terns, etc., that breed in the same places with them have begun to nest.

Now as to the economic side of the proposal. As far as gannets are concerned it is rather doubtful whether it would pay to take eggs, partly owing to the difficulty of collecting them. According to Mr. Gurney there are 6,500 gannets on the Bass, from which, deducting 1,500 as being non-breeding birds, we might expect 2,500 eggs, but of these probably not more than half could be collected. The gannetries on the Skellig, Julisgeir, and the St. Kildan group are larger, if the difficulties of collection and transport were not too great. The same objection may be urged against the puffin and guillemots, but in areas where they breed in any numbers, especially the former, it would be well worth while to take the eggs. In the case of the black-headed gull, 3,000 pairs are estimated to breed in one gullery alone, and each pair on an average will produce two eggs, and other gulleries as large or larger exist round our coasts. The eggs are as large as those of a small hen, and are very palatable. They used to be sold in the markets as "plover's eggs." In conclusion, it may be urged that most if not all of the great gulleries are on private estates. But if the owners do not wish to place the eggs on the open market, is there no way in which they can be utilised by the hospitals direct? In these times it seems a pity that much good food should be allowed to go to waste on the Farnes, the Scillies and other bird haunts round our coasts.—MAUD D. HAVILAND.



BLACKHEADED GULL AT NEST.



THE GANNETS ON THE BASS ROCK.

A WEATHER INDICATOR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a curious signalling apparatus at the Hook of Holland. Presumably it is a weather indicator with storm cones, but at first glance I took it for an elaborate Marconi installation. Perhaps some of your readers can interpret the signals.—M. G.

"NOW THUS."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Adverting to my previous letter in which I sent you a photograph of the sign of the Book in Hand at Mablethorpe, I now enclose another photograph of a remarkable inn sign at Barton, near Manchester. It is known as the Now Thus, and had its origin in a historical event which occurred during the Cromwellian period. Sir William Trafford, who lived in the neighbourhood, hearing of the approach of Cromwell and his Ironsides, hurriedly collected all his valuables and taking



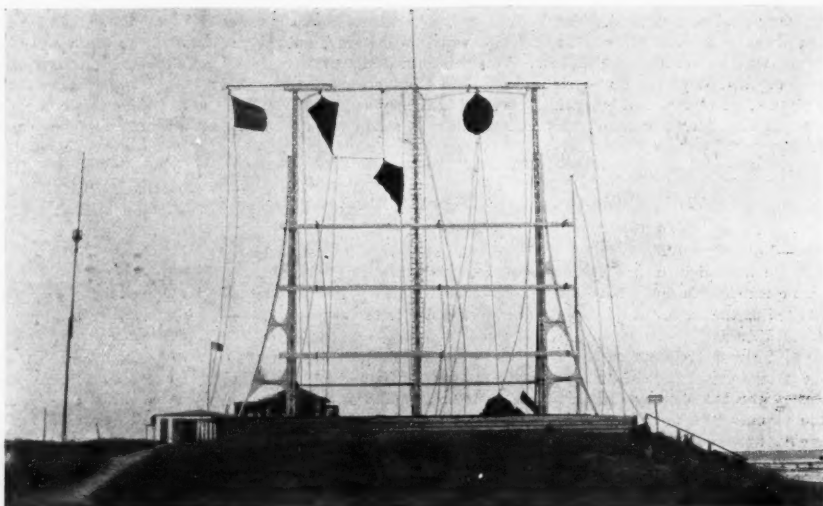
AN INN SIGN AT BARTON-ON-IRWELL.

him as to the whereabouts of Trafford and his valuables. But all the answer they could get from the "labourer" as he flung his flail from side to side was "Now thus," "Now thus." The Ironsides coming to the conclusion that they were dealing with a harmless lunatic passed on their way, and Trafford and his hoard were saved by the ruse.—H. WALKER.

THE TORTOISE IN OUR GARDENS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was very interested in Mr. Owen Thomas's letter on the tortoise in your issue of December 25th last. I have had one in the garden for seven years. I bought him from a barrow in the road, and was assured that he would eat slugs and snails, etc. I soon found to my cost that he was a complete vegetarian, for in his first spring he made short work of a bed of young stocks! I now feed him on fruit; he is particularly fond of raspberries, lettuce and dandelions and he will eat from my hand. The first winter I did as I was told and put him in a box of saw-dust in a dry outhouse, but he was very restless and unhappy and did his best to get out. Now he buries himself gradually but completely in November, generally at the foot of a shrub or plant (possibly for self-protection when the garden is dug). He re-appears in March, coming out for a short time each day at first, and going back to the same hole. In the summer he has various sleeping places, the favourite one being under a low-growing yew. One spring I was afraid he was losing his eyesight; he did not seem able to open his eyes, but I bathed them daily with boracic and effected a perfect cure.



WHAT OF THE WEATHER?

them to a barn hid them beneath a heap of straw. Then dressing himself in the garb of a farm labourer, he took up his stand in the barn, flail in hand, as though he were busily engaged in threshing. He had not long to wait for the coming of the soldiers, who closely questioned

In hot weather he has a frequent dip in a pool, which he seems to enjoy. I may add that I have had other tortoises, but they have all died.—RACHAEL M. MOLE.

A VICTIM OF THE NEW YEAR STORM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending two photographs of an exceptionally fine walnut tree which stood in Edgcote Park, near Banbury, and which was blown down on January 1st. The trunk had been hollow for some years, but the tree bore luxuriant foliage and fruit; the shape of the tree was wonderfully symmetrical, and it covered a very large space of ground. The measurement of the girth of the trunk, taken after its fall, was 23ft. 9in., 3ft. from the ground; and the diameter across was 6ft. 6in., 5ft. from the ground. This huge trunk turned completely over in its fall and stood upside down, 20ft. up in the air, a most extraordinary sight.—STEPHEN F. CARTWRIGHT.



IN ITS SUMMER GLORY.



AFTER THE WINTER GALE.